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Occasional verses, toasts and sentiments selected from the 1



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Mrs E. S. Noyes

OCCASIONAL VERSES

TOASTS *and* SENTIMENTS

SELECTED FROM THE LARGE
NUMBER OF SUCH PRODUC-
TIONS COMPOSED FOR HER
FRIENDS BY

IDA E. S. NOYES

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY HER
HUSBAND, LA VERNE NOYES,
AND PRESENTED TO THOSE
INTIMATE FRIENDS WHO DE-
SIRE TO PRESERVE THESE
EXPRESSIONS OF HER BUOYANT
SPIRIT, RARE GOOD FELLOW-
SHIP AND KINDLY INTEREST

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LA VERNE NOYES

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An Appreciation

MRS. NOYES made no claim to great literary ability and very rarely attempted the lofty heights of true poetry; but she possessed a rare aptitude for rhyme and the happy faculty of expressing herself tersely and wittily in verse.

This unusual accomplishment she often employed on social occasions and at functions, both public and private, where she always was a central figure in the intellectual part of the festivities. Her shafts of wit and satire and appreciation always went straight to the mark and never failed to win sincere admiration and enthusiasm. Always in the best of humor and kindness her points scored forcefully, though sometimes at the sacrifice of metrical and rhythmical accuracy, for which she cared little.

Her verses were intended to be merely ephemeral, with a direct application to a particular person or place or occasion. The present collection of them, published solely for private circulation among her personal friends, will, it is hoped, serve to recall many a happy hour spent with this beloved singer, whose voice, untimely silent, still echoes in memory.

FRANK PIXLEY.

The "Ida Noyes" Hall.

"THE gift of \$300,000 to the University of Chicago by Mr. La Verne W. Noyes in memory of his wife is an act unusual in its direct appropriateness. The generous fund is to go to build the 'Ida Noyes Hall,' a gymnasium and social center for the woman students. The impress that Mrs. Noyes' life left upon the various branches of woman's activities in Chicago is still fresh. The memorial at the great university will preserve its memory in the years to come. It was altogether fitting that the board of trustees declared in formal resolution its 'especial gratification that there is to be commemorated in the quadrangles of the university the name of a gracious and gifted woman whose rare qualities are well worthy of admiration and emulation by successive generations of our young women.'"

Editorial, The Chicago Evening Post, June 11, 1913

Extract From Address

BY MRS. MATTHEW T. SCOTT

Former President General of the D. A. R., at the unveiling of
a portrait of Mrs. LaVerne Noyes by the De Witt
Clinton Chapter, Clinton, Ill.,
November 8, 1913.

A FLOOD of memory sweeps over my mind, and surges through my heart, as I recall that precious woman whose memory we are assembled to honor in the unveiling of this beautiful portrait—our beloved vice president general, Mrs. Noyes, so tragically stricken in the full vigor of her singularly useful life. A great writer has said: "The pathos of death is this, that when the days of one's life are ended—those days that were so crowded with business, and felt so heavy in their passing—what remains of one in memory should usually be so slight a thing."

A more beautiful legend the great apostle has left us: "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

The passing from earth of this beloved woman, especially near and dear to us in Illinois, gives touching emphasis to a creed and faith the antithesis of pagan philosophy. This lovely woman was rich in gifts, the best that intellect, character and devotion to high ideals represent in the great organization of which she was so vital a part. May her example be for us an inspiration to still more devoted service, still more single-hearted consecration to those great aims to which, as Daughters of the American Revolution, we are pledged.

"Death loves a shining mark" is not a truism merely in the passing away of this loved one, whose sympathetic interest, tender and courageous friendship, have been for me a strong stay and rock to anchor to in days of storm and stress. Her loyal support and warm affections were so often an inspiration to me, in times that I now recall with pathetic and overwhelming feeling—a cherished friendship that time can neither dim nor blot out. Her's a fidelity that never faltered, a loyalty that never relaxed, a patience that never wearied, a wisdom that rarely erred, and an unselfish devotion that knew no limit. Never can we forget or cease to cherish her precious memory, rich in all that is most gracious in womanliness, strong and clear in intellect, pure in heart, sweet and noble in spirit, splendid in example, and with a magnetism that drew all hearts to her.

"Though a master workman who needed not to be ashamed," all that this woman achieved is not restricted to visible, tangible results of the passing hour. What she did and what she was, contained the germs of greater things, whose influence is to be felt in ever-broadening lines of service—the real and enduring, though invisible force, that makes for the happiness and betterment and uplift of humanity.

In the glowing future of our great and beloved Society, in coming eventful years, may the standards of this noble woman be a living, burning message to us—the beneficiaries of her pure, beautiful life. Then indeed shall it be known, that "though dead, she still speaketh."

A Tribute to Mrs. Noyes

Written by a College Friend

IN many ways Mrs. Noyes' character was unique. She had a personality so much out of the ordinary that from childhood until the time of her death she always held a place distinctly her own. All that came into her life ministered to her education and development. To point out a few of the elements that contributed to her life's progress may give a key to her interesting character.

She was superbly democratic. Attainments, position, wealth, only deepened this element in her disposition. Her childhood in an Iowa village, where her father was a doctor and friend to all, was the first lesson in tolerance and understanding of people of all ages and conditions. She always had sympathy and kindness for any who, she judged, were unfairly treated, and there are scores of persons who are today mourning the loss of one who championed their cause in time of misunderstanding and trial. Her life in this particular was one of constant enlargement. She had a scientific mind. Her wise doctor father encouraged her in all studies that might develop her mind in the strongest and most well-rounded manner. She had her college course at the Iowa State College, along with her brother, (where her future husband was also a student), and learned to think and act with a clearness and accuracy that has always been one of her strongest traits.

To these two attributes — clearness and accuracy in thinking — is due much of the power she possessed for leadership. During her college days she was admired for her talent as a presiding officer, as a fine speaker, and as one greatly talented in reading and acting.

In the early days of her husband's business life in Chicago, it was from her orderly little desk in their home that the beautifully written letters were sent that were so helpful to his success, and at this desk the books were kept so accurately and scientifically. Her wondrously beautiful handwriting has always been a joy to her hosts of friends. She would never give her correspondence into another's hand, and through months of acute suffering and great weakness her hand never lost its cunning and hundreds of letters and notes, by their daintiness and cheerfulness, disarmed the anxiety of those who loved her.

All her experiences contributed to develop the fine artistic taste which came to her from a refined and sensitive mother. She grew to love all phases of nature and as opportunities widened she developed an appreciation of every form of art that was broad and

accurate. Literature was a field she loved. Books were her delight. She knew them well and loved the best in many kinds. Her love of pictures and painting led her to definite study of that form of art and for several years she was a student in the Art Institute of Chicago and of the Julian School in Paris. She did splendid work. Her study of drawing and painting was a delight and later was most helpful in the training given her eye when she came to judge of beauty in using the camera during her travels. She leaves in her Lake Shore home thirty or forty thousand photographs all mounted in volumes and labeled by her own hand. Her taste and choice in color were a part of this artistic development. She seemed wholly original in her tastes, in furnishing, in decoration and in dress. Not cost, but beauty determined her choice. She was really oriental in this respect, and few western natures have more fully understood the oriental love for beauty. Her taste and love of color were abiding and unerring.

Her association in later years with the D. A. R. gave a wider reach to all these talents that were such a source of power. Her final triumph came this fall when from her bed of pain she sent an eloquent message to the State meeting. It touched every heart and doubly endeared her to the order which had become so dear to her. It satisfied her heart's desire for affection.

SALLIE STALKER SMITH

The Farmers' Hall of Fame

At unveiling of portrait of Cyrus Hall McCormick, whose
name was the first to be enrolled. Urbana,
Ill., December 15, 1909.

I N Pantheons and abbeys old,
Which royal ashes do enfold,
Are found as well the warrior's dust;
Perchance the bones of statesman just;
In corner dark, mayhap, a bard
Sleeps his last sleep without regard.
But never, in the ages gone,
Did toilers' names to fame belong.

Who murdered millions of his kind,
Yet gained the day, would always find
Millions to praise him for his deeds;
Men for such fame would twist their creeds.
Strange, is it not, that never sage,
In all the eons of past age,
Who did fame's pages closely scan,
Could find the name of husbandman?

Mankind, in all the ages past,
Has reared great domes and temples vast
Alone to those who did employ
Their talents others to destroy;
While those who killed against great odds
Were thought to be akin to gods.
Some savages their brave extol
By carved heads on totem pole.

'Twas left to men of our great state
To canonize the truly great;
To lift to fame and write the name
Of him whose life-long work and aim
Was to increase the gifts of earth;
To till the soil and give new birth
To wheat and corn and rye and grass
And help mankind to thus amass

Such store of goods as far surpasses
All other efforts for the masses.
"Who makes two blades of grass to grow
Instead of one" long, long ago,
We're told, was blest and was the best
Of benefactors to his race.
Now Illinois has given place
To this great hall, a Hall of Fame

For farmers, where each honored name
Shall be extolled and then enrolled
In characters so bright and bold
That men shall prize them more than gold.
Peace sounds the knell of armed power
And now is the triumphal hour
Of Nature's conservation, when
Are raised to fame her husbandmen.

Country Life

At luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Irving Miller in
their new farm home called "Richmond Hill,"

August 30, 1908.

LET'S have a toast with right good will,
A brand new toast, 'tis "Richmond Hill!"
The seat of lakes and mighty trees;
Of fertile soil and balmy breeze,
Where golden pheasants preen and hide
And Mallard ducks in peace abide.
Sleek Holsteins fine and other kine;
True terrapin without the brine;
Pure Andalusian hens as well,
And ducks and geese the list to swell.
Some porcine pearls of adipose;
Some turkeys tall and grandiose;
Arabian steeds of famous breeds;
And motors for the varied needs
Of friends, good friends who love you well,
And more, much more than I can tell.
Had I a book, each page 'twould fill
To tell the joys of Richmond Hill.

An Appreciation

To Mr. Smiley, on behalf of the women at the Lake Mohonk
Conference on International Arbitration.

May 21, 1909.

WHEN guests, like Mr. Smiley's here,
Have touched beatitude,
'Tis hard to find the fitting words
To speak their gratitude.

And though, in conference, the Dames
Have scarcely said a word,
When heart-felt thanks spring from all ranks
They surely should be heard

To prove that they appreciate
This host of great estate
Whose zeal for peace knows no surcease,
And whom we celebrate.

To right the wrongs of all the earth
The conference essays,
And that success may crown its work
Each one devoutly prays.

Since, in the warring world outside,
Its influence is felt
To such a very vast extent
That armaments may melt

Beneath its fire of arguments
From orators and sages
Who bring here brightest modern thought
With wisdom of the ages.

Our host has hand like magic wand
To beautify the earth,
Since, where but barren rocks were found,
His touch has given new birth

To trees and flowers and clinging vines
And pastures for the herd;
Where e'en the chipmunk finds a home
As does the singing bird.

His people and the dumb beasts here,
Beneath his gentle sway,
Act as if they were each new-born,
Each perfect in his way.

Dost ask where is the happiest land?
And where the loveliest spot?
'Tis Mr. Smiley's "smiling land,"
With its far-famed "Sky-Top."

Such wealth of lofty thought and pure
He gathers in this spot
That, once a guest of this great host,
Ne'er more the common lot

Is his or hers who's heard the words
Of peace and good here spoken;
He lives this dream of perfect bliss
Which never can be broken.

Oh, blessed host and happy guests
At Lake Mohonk, York State,
You all are so much of one mind
There's naught to arbitrate.

As a Little Child

A bit of advice to U. S. Daughters of 1812.

DEAR "Daughters of the 1812"
Would'st be both keen and sage?
Cut from your application blanks
Exactitude of age.

No woman but a Cassie C.
Can grasp a finance page;
Then why ask gentle womankind
To figure up her age?

No "Daughters" true will falsify;
But, let us put it mild,
As to her date of birth each dame
Is as a little child.

The United States Army

To Colonel George W. Goethels, U. S. A., President of the
Panama Commission and Chief Engineer of the
great canal. March 16, 1909.

WHAT cannot our great army do
Where'er the flag's unfurled?
'Twill cut a continent in two
And yet unite a world!

Its doctors and its engineers,
Relentlessly as fate,
Fierce wars have won against disease,
A world achievement great!

Our wars are waged for righteousness
And not for sordid gain!
We've freed a troubled sister state
From clutches of old Spain,
Where insurrections were the rule,
And every man had fought
Against old-world oppression and
For freedom—all for naught.

To enumerate the victories
Of our armies on the shore,
Or tell of our diplomacy
To compel the "open door,"
Were more than one poor scribe can do
In the moment when we dine;
But we'll show appreciation
In at least one glass of wine!

May every one promotion win
And may the fame increase
Of Uncle Sam's great army that
Doth make and maintain peace!
And for these gathered round this board
Drink deep for their dear sakes—
The Colonel from far Panama!
And General of the Lakes!

Lincoln

Press League Celebration of the Centenary of Abraham
Lincoln's Birth, February 12th, 1909.

GREAT Lincoln! bravest, truest man,
With wisdom superhuman—
A kingly soul, as Jove himself,
Yet tenderness of woman.

He voiced in deathless sentences
Great thoughts which all unite,
Of charity that suffers long
And firmness in the right.

He flinched not in his boyhood days
To put the bully down
And proved the might of him with right
In old New Salem town.

He braved the Mississippi's flood
And brought his craft to port,
And, while unlettered, won renown
In many a circuit court.

The "Little Giant," too, he met
In stormy, joint debate;
And through the slave he fought to save
Made famous our good state.

But greatest of this patriot's deeds
Were in the civil strife,
When friends turned foes and untold woes
Beset each walk of life.

Ah, then the Patriot President,
So gentle and so brave,
Though forced to call good men to fall,
Did all he could to save.

His friends, his foes, the great, the small,
Each held his place secure
In Father Abraham's loving heart
Whose pity could endure.

He served for all, he suffered all,
Nor malice ever knew;
Was humblest of all humble souls
Yet of God's chosen few.
Our Lincoln! the true patriot
From birth to latest breath!
Although a century has gone,
His spirit lives in death.

The Real Daughters of 1812

Read at U. S. D. of 1812 luncheon, December 2, 1909.

O val'rous Daughters of brave sires!
Whose fame keeps bright, like vestal fires,
You are the honored guests today
And, while life lasts, will be alway.

The war of eighteen twelve, though brief
And filled with disappointing grief,
Yet proved our prowess on the seas,
And, when the flag blew to the breeze,

Inspired the song of Francis Key's.
'Tis much to write a world-loved song;
'Tis much to right a grievous wrong;
'Tis great when weak o'erwhelm the strong;

All these to eighteen twelve belong.
They fought on seas and alien shore
From Canada to Baltimore;
By bays and lakes and mighty streams

From Fayal Roads to New Orleans.
But strangest thing of all we find
They still fought on, though peace was signed.
Of earliest Daughters, half a score

Has Illinois today, I ken.
So, till the time when she has more,
We'll pay our homage and adore
Our own beloved ten!

The God-Made Man and the Man-Made Man

February 24, 1910.

GOD made, in image of His own, a man
To carry out His Godlike plan
Of love and service, brotherhood and good

And all the virtues loved and understood.
Then man, with cunning brain and wise, devised
A man-made man of greed who'd never heed
The "still small voice" of conscience plead,—
A soulless thing, this man-made man, to bring
Within his grasp the wealth of all and wring
The last live heart-drop from the sons of toil.
This man-made man who doth so largely plan,
Is not a frightful Frankenstein to die,

But the great corporation to defy
Law makers and the laws of God-made man,
And act toward mortals like the great *I am*,—
A powerful, soulless thing to live alway,
While God-made men, like flowers, live but a day.

Full ninety million God-made men it takes
To make our mighty nation.

While four or five of man-made men, 'tis thought,
May corral all creation.

Bismarck, the Teuton's one all-powerful Prince,
Was made, we're told, of blood and iron;
Our man-made men are made of oil,
Meats, sweets and steel and armor-plate to fire on.

The man-made man grows strong on tariff tolls,
While in his juggernaught he onward rolls
And crushes out the life from God-made souls.
Yet God-made man this man-made man has made.
He's his creator after all is said,
So of his work he must not be afraid,
But, where it's wrong, must let it feel the blade.

The gladiatorial Roosevelt
Essayed this task because he thought he felt
In his right arm "the strength of ten."
He grasped his sword, he fought the fight, and then
Went off to Africa to rest — no jest
Is this — the jungle beast is gentler far
Than trusts, when they the nation's strength contest.

Though but a little post-board card,
We dare to hope its voice
Our countess thoughts ^{and} kind regard,
When all the world rejoices,
And that 'twill bear, without retard,
The loving thought, when the card,
Burst wishes for good Christmas cheer!
Burst wishes for a glad New Year!
And greetings from the Norf'k
Pa. Avenue School

11450 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, December 25, 1911.

Children of the Republic

At the C. R. Convention, November 18, 1909.

LET statesmen save the forests
And citizens the streams,
And poets pen immortal lines
To crystallize their dreams

The "Daughters'" conservation
Is work most consecrate—
To keep alive the patriot fires
And make the country great;

Not great in swollen fortunes,
But great in righteousness,
And strong in Godlike character,
The only type to bless

Itself and others. 'Tis our
Truest conservation
To train the child to love the flag
And magnify the nation.

This, "Daughters" all are doing,
In their own simple way,
By forming little patriot clubs
Of C. R. U. S. A.

Children of our Republic!
The nation's hope and stay,
When all are taught just how they ought
To vote, or fight, or pray.

This is our work, my sisters:
To train the youthful mind
In patriot ways and make our days
Greater than those behind.

Just a Few Knights

At dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Duerson Knight, at
University Club, May 6, 1909.

THOUGH knights of old were ever bold
And cast in that heroic mold
Which armor wore of tons or more
In weight, and swore their foes to kill
Or wade in gore; to hunt the Grail;
Dames to adore and such like lore
Of chivalry, the Knights today,
Say what you may, are in our way
Of thinking, much more brave than they.
This Knight has often been the head
Of Hamilton's great hosts so dread,
Of whom 'tis said that, when they name
A man for fame, make good their claim
And land him in the White House new,
Wherein so few of all who sue
For sufferance of voters true
Can hope to get much else than rue,
Or other than those three short words,
So loathed by man: "He also ran."
But now one can rhyme on this plan
For hours and hours and tell a brand
New story of the glory of
Our Knights today. But, let us say
For Thomas D., and also she
Who shares his name and has much fame
That's quite her own, from all we've known
Of knights of old, in stories told,
And Knights today, that really they,
Our own dear Knights, are, as it were,
"Upon the heights" in hearts and souls
Of those who know them. Raise the bowls
And drain them quite to T. D. Knight!
And one who does all hearts delight,
His better half—dear Helen Knight!

An Ancestral Tribute

At the Annual Luncheon of "The Chicago Colony of New
England Women" on the opening day of the
Blackstone Hotel, Monday,
April 11, 1910.

DEAR motherland, Old England,
So loyal to your king,
Your strength it was that gave us
The qualities we sing:

Devotion to ideals
Of liberty and right,
Oft called "New England Conscience"
But born of England's might.

Our toast is "old New England,"
The land of brains and brawn,
Of blue laws and blue stockings,
Where 'twas a sin to yawn,

Or smile, or laugh, or kiss one's child,
Upon the day called Sunday,
Or fail to go three times to church,
Though six P. M. was Monday.

This Pilgrim band which sought our land
For liberty of thought,
Straightway denied to all beside
The freedom that they sought.

The Puritan forefathers old
Had virtues so austere,
Their freedom was oppressive quite,
Their liberty was fear.

They shunned the Shaker, burned the witch,
Turned out the Catholic,
Believed "Old Nic" a living De'il
And hung the heretic.

Austerity, propriety,
And all the sterner stuff
That makes for strength were theirs, and yet,
We're told, they all took snuff.

Dear inconsistent ancestors,
We love you for your faults,
As in the softening light of time
The years your fame exalts.

You rocked upon the wintry seas,
And suffered many a shock;
But, when you came to find the land,
'Twas only Plymouth Rock.

And "rocky" was the life you led
Upon that first plantation;
Yet from your rocks and scanty soil
Has grown our mighty nation.

And as a house built on a rock
'Gainst storm and stress shall stand,
So Pilgrim stock, from Plymouth Rock,
Is strongest in the land.

Oh, mountains green and mountains white,
And granite hard and gray;
Your colors, like your qualities,
Will never pass away.

The colors of those mountains old,
And of our Colony,
In this hotel are shown so well
That, on its opening day,

We'll give a "knock" to Plymouth Rock
And toast another stone—
"The Blackstone," red and green and white,
Chicago's very own!

Congratulations, Brothers Drake,
Upon your great "Blackstone!"
Colonial stock in its best frock,
Colonial stock alone,

Is here today to ope the way,
Like Pilgrim leaven, let us say,
Toward steadfast growth and progress real
In all that makes for strength and weal.

Culture

For Culture Club Christmas Luncheon, 1909.

O H, Culture, most elusive thing
That woman ever sought!
When seen, 'tis ever on the wing
Intangible as thought.

For fourteen years this Culture Club
Has kept its upward way;
How can a rank outsider, then,
Have anything to say

To Dames of such exalted state
As these that here are seen?
Yet culture fine, which Boston boasts,
Comes from the humble bean.

Now feasts for Presidents, we hear,
Are made from 'possum stew,
Which erstwhile was a darky dish
Not fit for such as you.

And cunning little coons, 'twas thought,
Looked each like to his mate;
But one fair Coon, you've seen this noon,
Can grace the chair of state.

Some years ago, a brown bear's cubs,
If caught, were kept in pen;
While Teddy Bears were idolized
For seven years—and then

Cast out for larger game, far off
In Afric's jungle strand;
Which shows the humblest may aspire
E'en in this cultured land.

So I have dared, since you have fared
On richest Christmas cheer,
To wish you well and even tell
To culture's votaries here

That simple things and simple folk
Can sometimes hold the stage
To while away a leisure day
E'en in this cultured age.

A Poet and a Poem

To Mrs. H. H. Jackson, November 28, 1906.

LONG years ago a poet,
"H. H.," had wondrous fame.
Today, did you but know it,
Our hostess has the same.

The same, yet not the same, friends;
She's living in our time;
She's youth and grace and beauty,
A poem in each line

Of action, word and gesture;
"A living poem" true,
Alert and wearing vesture
All up-to-date and new.

We well recall "Ramona,"
The lovely Spanish name
Of Colorado's heroine
Whom "H. H." brought to fame.

"H. H." made glad our mothers
With songs of westland wild;
We reverence her memory
Who those old days beguiled.

Let's toast the "living poem!"
Let's toast the present hour!
This and the rosy future,
Best source of joy and power!

Better this living poem
Here at the table's head
Than all the have-been poets
And all that they have said!

Sisters of the Southland

At Continental Congress Breakfast of Southern Woman's Club,
February 23, 1911.

FAIR sisters of the Southland,
With lips like honey-dew
And every grace of action,
What can we say to you?

To you, whose virtues merit
All praises ever sung;
Whose own sweet speech is softest
E'er heard in English tongue;

To you, who're more than sated
With words that most enchant;
Who've fed on honeyed speeches
From Colonels o'er gallant?

How can ■ Northern woman,
E'en though with heart aflame
With fire of patriotism,
Quite match a Southern dame?

Alone she cannot do it;
But as a D. A. R.
She feels a power within her
That reaches out afar

To make this good world better,
To teach each boy and girl
To love their flag and country
And cherish as a pearl

Above all price the kinship
Betwixt the South and North!
For Daughters all are sisters
And bravely they fare forth

To make the Sons all brothers,
E'en those of foreign birth.
They love to serve for others
And do rare deeds of worth.

Since Daughters brave are militant
And for the right will fight,
They do not have to cast a vote
To demonstrate their might.

Their patriotic gospel broad
Is a connecting link
To hold all hearts together
And ev'ry difference sink.

Dear Club of Southern Women
We do congratulate
Ourselves that we are with you
To breakfast here in state.

But could you e'er have risen
For such an early feast
Without our grim, good Northern vim
Of lake breeze from the east?

Your languorous Southern sunshine
Breeds beauty and repose;
But Northern chill stirs up the will
And gives the nerve that "goes."

The Wolf and the Lamb

To Mrs. Christian John Wolff, December 1, 1906.

THROUGH Mansfield's magic art, a man
Can be a Jekyl or a Hyde;
And stranger things right here we scan,
Yet with them gladly we abide.

In silken robes here sits a Wolff;
Still, we make no ado,
Because, although she is a Wolff,
She is a Christian, too.

This dual role she makes so rare
None can give aught but praise
To dame so fair and debonair
And fine in all her ways.

An Invasion of American Rights

At dinner of the joint meeting of The New England Society
of Chicago and the Chicago Colony of New
England Women, at the Anniversary
Celebration of Bunker Hill
Day, 1911

NEW England's name is famous
O'er all the world so round,
For thrift and ingenuity
And conscience that is sound.

She owns the homely virtues
And has a "cinch" on speech;
Says "neow" and "ceow" with dignity
And dares the world to teach;

Puts spectacles on beauty;
And has old maids "to burn,"
Old farms, worn-out, abandoned
Landmarks at every turn.

Her "hub" is no mere fiction;
Around it things revolve,
And, when it comes to culture,
All questions it can solve.

From over seas, with rumble
Of coronation guns,
Comes "peace by arbitration"
With other news that stuns.

And next, this startling statement
From out the land of Guelph:
"The British Isle will make a
New England of herself!"

How can she re-arrange it?
Reform the House of Peers?
Make new or dare to change it
After eight hundred years?

Now, for John Bull's Old England
To claim our heritage
And use our name, "New England,"
Should put us in a rage.

New England is our birthright,
Her virtues are our own,
We claim her wooden nutmegs
And eke her Plymouth Stone.

Old England has a Plymouth,
Also a chalk-cliff coast;
But it's neither stern nor rockbound,
The Pilgrim Fathers' boast.

For that old name, "New England,"
We claim a copyright
Which ne'er will we surrender
To British Lord or wight.

New England, oh, New England!
Our greatest boast and pride!
We hallow you and jolly you
At every banquet side.

Now what is this New England,
Of which we're so proud,
Which calls men here, from every sphere,
To sing its praises loud?

New England's not a favored spot
Where ev'ry good we find;
It once was geographical,
'Tis now a state of mind.

New England in Old England
Would never make a hit;
John Bull is not a Jonathan,
Our clothes would never fit.

Though they should try high tariff,
Or even form a trust,
They'd soon get into trouble,
As combinations must.

New Englanders wear halos,
The Britisher a crown;
Each knows he is superior
And turns the other down.

Each knows his way is better
Than all the world beside,
And what has been should always be,
With precedent for guide.

Yet, if our British Cousins
Could learn our Yankee twang,
Speak speech that we could understand
And sling our U. S. slang,

We fawncy, don't you know, friends,
There cawn't be very much
For Yorkshire or for London town
To learn, to be in touch

With the genuine New England,
Which at this Board we find,
Which breathes superiority,
And is a state of mind.

Fair Florence

To Miss Florence Hutchinson, at an Italian dinner,
April 12, 1906.

FAIR Florence by the Arno
Is famous for its art;
Fair Florence, our sweet hostess,
They say has not a heart,
Because, forsooth, she's never
Encountered Cupid's dart.

Yet, heart hath she for old-time friends;
For Woman's Club and art;
For country's good; for every good!
This maid who keeps her heart
We toast as our own brightest star!
And may we never part!

An Appeal

On board the *Campania*, September, 1910, at concert to raise
funds for the Seamen's Benevolent Institution
in Liverpool and New York.

GOOD citizens of England!
And the United States!
And those of other countries
Who now are our shipmates!

We ask kind thoughts and wishes
For the Old Seamen's Home;
For children left and wife bereft
By death beneath the foam.

We ask your pounds and pennies
To guard and safely keep
The battered hulks of men who were
Brave soldiers of the deep.

Their ways of life are humble,
And when the strength to haul,
Or heave, or throw, has vanished,
They then have lost their all.

Bethink you of the seamen
Who now our straight course keep
In safety, through all dangers,
These soldiers of the deep!

Then far into your pockets
Let each one reach the hand,
And for the suffering seamen
Give all his purse will stand!

This order is not one of war
Nor is it a command;
But oh! 'tis an entreaty
We trust you can't withstand.

Anniversary Greeting

To the Charter Members of Chicago Chapter, D. A. R., its
Twentieth Anniversary, March 16, 1911.

HAST thought, dear Charter Members,
Just what this birthday means?
You've reached a stately milestone
And left behind your teens.

No more gay pranks of girlhood
The foolish action screens;
You're now exemplars for us
Because you've left your teens.

From now on you'll be knowing,
And others may behold,
How thick and fast the honors
Come when you're growing old.

For twenty years you've gathered
In zeal for D. A. R.,
To cherish noblest standards
And spread their fame afar;

To drink "a cup o' kindness;"
To drop the heart-felt tear
For noble charter members
Who are no longer here.

Although you're few you're mighty!
You blazed the path along
Until your faithful comrades
Are now eight hundred strong.

You were originators
And glory is your due;
The rest of us but follow—
We took from you the cue.

To you, we younger "Daughters"
Look up as to our queens;
For royal guests you are here
Because you've left your teens.

A score of years behind you
And many years ahead
In which to spread the glory
Of blue and white and red!

We toast your deeds so noble!
We toast your silvering hair!
And hope the years before you
Will every one be fair.

Our Heroes

At the Midlothian Country Club Dinner,
August 22, 1908.

NOW glory to Midlothian
Where all the trophies rest!
And glory to our "Youngsters" bold
Who've bested all the best!
And glory to the Hunter boys,
Both fair-haired "Paul and Bob."
As well as pater, Charles L.,
Whom rivals cannot rob!
When tall "Bob" brought "The Mayflower" home,
It gave as great a shock
To Sawyer, of the Wheaton links,
As when ancestral stock,
The Pilgrims, bumped the Mayflower Ship
On good, old Plymouth Rock!
And glory to the Edwards line
(Though England claims the king),
We've six who play a royal game
And of whose fame all sing.
But greatest of this band of youth—
Good golfers brave and true,
Is the Mason who has builded up
Great fame for him and you
As glorious Western Champion
Of the greatest game on earth,
The game that gives us health and thirst
And "dubs" an endless mirth.

A Priestess of Peace

To Mrs. Leicht after her return from a tour around the world,
November 15, 1911.

WHEN beauteous Angelina
Was on "the other side,"
She held the nations spellbound
And peace was then world-wide.

From Europe to the Orient
She held all in her hand;
So potent is great beauty
That we can understand

How Turks and dark Italians
Forgot their difference;
Forgot the plains of Tripoli
And deeds of violence

And feasted but on beauty,
With thoughts of naught but her,
And in the worship each became
A rank idolater.

The gorgeous Indian princes,
And Maharajahs, too,
Forgot John Bull's oppression
And only thought to woo,

While Cingalese and Javanese
And dwellers in the Straits
Just lost their heads completely to
The beauty from the States.

Grand Mandarins and Japanese
To her alone did vow,
And to Chicago's beauty
Made their profound kow-tow.

We know 'twas she compelled them
To peaceful ways awhile
And, for her sake, abandon quite
Their Oriental guile.

Now, that she's taken from them,
Grim war seems everywhere;
Yet, if we can but keep her,
I ask you: Shall we care?

Patriotic Sunshine

To Travel Tourists, February 5, 1907.

SCIENCE says the spectrum
Has just seven colors true;
Patriotic sunshine
Has red, and white and blue—

A trinity of colors,
The purest, brightest, best!
Translate them into jewels
And they will stand the test:

White is for the diamond,
And sapphire for the blue,
Rose red is for the ruby,
What finer stones will you?

Under southern skies or northern,
In eastland light or west,
Patriotic sunshine
Forever is the best.

Best for Travel Tourists,
Best for every clime;
Only in its radiance
Can lovely woman shine.

Patriotic sunshine!
It purifies the air,
Simplifies the spectrum
And makes the world more fair;

Guarantees our freedom,
Keeps ev'ry foe at bay!
May its flashing colors last
Forever and a day!

Christmas Thoughts

To Mrs. Charles H. Conover, Christmas Eve, 1911.

O N Holy Christ Child's natal night
And sacred Sabbath eve,
With friends so dear in home of cheer,
'Tis easy to believe

That peace and good will rule the earth;
That ne'er a soul is sad;
That every heart has had new birth
And everyone is glad;

That Santa Claus is not a myth
But traverses steam coils
Much better than the ancient way
Through chimney soot that soils;

And that he still has reindeer steeds
Which never make a slip
In satisfying children's needs
On every Christmas trip;

For Uncle Sam has realized
That letters to their saint,
From trusting childish writers here,
Are needed to acquaint

That bundle-burdened, snowy man
About each doll and sled,
Since even fairies cannot keep
Statistics in the head.

And if of papas and mammas
There are not quite enough
To help dear Santa do his work,
"Good Fellows" all will stuff

The stockings, and the youngsters, too,
Till each shall have its fill
Of sweetmeats and all other "eats"
That make the "kiddies" ill.

We all are like the children when
"Good Fellows" call us in
To wine and dine and spend the time
With friends who're more than kin.

Especially at Christmas time,
And in this house so fine,
Where hospitality is such
That all things seem divine.

A Pledge of Faith

At banquet to honor Mrs. Scott, the candidate from Illinois
to succeed Mrs. McLean, as President D. A. R.

FOR queenly Mrs. Matthew Scott,
Our President to be,
The votes will come so hot, hot, hot,
That you will surely see

No other name will be writ down
Or even said aloud,
She is a winner, sure enough,
And one of whom we're proud.

So not by stealth we drink her health
But here above the board
At Arlington, we, one by one,
Pour out this precious hoard

Of vintage rare
Long kept with care
Till it could touch the spot,
When this old town
Of great renown
Should have a time so hot
That it could not
Be e'er forgot
How Daughters fair
From everywhere
Drank deep to Mrs. Scott!

The Club Declares Itself

For the Captain James Lawrence Children of the Republic
Club, U. S. A., May 13, 1911.

THE J. L. C. R. Club are we,
Just twenty members strong;
No pedigree, as you will see
Need we to help along,

But just the love of home and land
And of "The Grand Old Flag;"
We hope to be good citizens,
Wise, proud, yet without brag;

And brave and true as knights of old
Who went on holy quest
And fought for love and not for gold,
And thought the very best

That anyone on earth can do,
Real happiness to find,
Is to be honest, good and true
And always, always kind,

For when we're bad some one is sad
In just a little while;
Maybe it's mother or it's "dad,"
Or we who cannot smile.

So, the James Lawrence Club, dear friends,
We wish it understood,
In all its purposes and ends
Is very, very good.

The "Daughters" help to make us so,
And to them we give thanks;
They guide us kindly and sometimes
Forgive our "worstest" pranks.

And their sweet Regent, Mrs. L.,
Who's queen of everything,
Is now State Regent, O, so "swell,"
And in her praise we'd sing

Or work with will, or e'en sit still,
If that would please her best;
For gee! we love her, ev'ry one,—
It's great to be her guest!

The Charmed Age

On the eighteenth birthday of the Chicago Chapter D. A. R.,
March 16, 1909.

O H Daughters of the shining hair
And stiff brocades of old,
As women you are now "of age,"
One score, less two, all told.

Felicitations to you all!
Eighteen years old today—
The charmed age of womanhood
Where each one loves to stay.

A man must have good twenty-one
Full years behind his back,
While woman's years go round, not on,
Just like the zodiac.

Then why not stay at eighteen years
Where girl and woman meet?
Ancestral blanks say eighteen years,
Just eighteen years, complete,

Is the right time to prove our dower
Of patriotic zeal
And martial spirit of our sires
Which makes the nation's weal.

We're strong today in deeds well done
For C. R. U. S. A.
Memorial Hall, well nigh complete,
Makes each one glad and gay.

This anniversary we greet
And to the flag give cheers;
We've reached the heyday of our youth;
Thank God for eighteen years!

A Word for the West

Response to the President General's address of welcome to the
18th D. A. R. Congress in Washington, D. C.,
April 19, 1909.

THE oldest of the Chapters
And largest one as well,
Upon this day of welcome,
Will just take time to tell

That not alone the thirteen
Good states along the coast
Can claim old fields of battle,
And of their heroes boast.

George Rogers Clark, the fearless,
In seventeen seventy-eight
Won victory for the great west
In Kaskaskia, our state.

His victory from the British,
Was won on July fourth;
'Twas Patrick Henry sent him
To save the west and north.

And now we've built a monument
As well as saved the site
On which was old Fort Massac,
At the Ohio's right.

'Tis Illinois claims Lincoln
And General Grant as well.
Since our good state 'twas reared them
It is no boast to tell

To all the world our glory
And claim them as our own—
This President and General
So great they stand alone.

And in our park named "Lincoln,"
By Clark Street, all may see
Where sleeps the last survivor
Who scattered Boston tea.

Six score, almost, his life-span,
In fresh air of the West—
Oh, 'tis the Windy City
That's young and old and best.

Our soil is patriotic,
And of the golden corn
It yields in great profusion
The fill of plenty's horn.

We know we grow the pure stuff,
Because the President,
In making up his Cabinet
Of those most competent

For his official family,
Chose not calm men, with fat,
But workers from Chicago,
And Democrats at that.

Oh, 'live is patriotism
Throughout the Prairie State,
And 'tis her largest city
Has given to the great

New Taft administration
Its heads for cash and war;
(The only thing she's shy on
Being a Senator.)

No matter what one's party,
Or who shall office hold,
If all are patriotic
And true, as true as gold,

And loyal to the colors,
Like every D. A. R.
Who's welcomed here this morning
By our good guiding star!

The Days We Celebrate

At the West End Woman's Club breakfast, celebrating the
Birthday of Washington, February 22, 1907.

THE days we designate
And celebrate are great
In number and purport.
Nor cannonade nor fort

Is needed to exhort
Us watchfully to guard
And keep them.
In fact 'tis hard
To find a day some bard
Or nation has not ta'en
By force of arms or claim
Of victory won.
Or fateful day of favorite son,
Or day on which to come
To land, or be discovered.

Some days are great when hover'd
The stork o'er this our earth,
And we say 'twas the birth
Of heavenly genius
To sanctify the earth.
One date we consecrate
To the poet who wrote
Us a national tune;
And our flag which was born
On the 14th of June.
But the day of all days,
For the whole nation's praise,
Is the Glorious Fourth,
With its bold declaration
That these States are a nation.

Such natal days must be extolled
Like this we celebrate;
Also each time some hero bold
Has caused his foe to quake.
War has triumphant days indeed
And peace its victories as well.

Each church on earth and ev'ry creed
The list of holidays doth swell.
The children too must have their days.
(Child study is our latest craze).
We've days of gifts and days of thanks
And days of horrid Halloween pranks;
A moving day with great ado;
A labor day; elections, too.

No trace have we of royalty,
And yet we boast our Georges three—
George Washington, George Rogers Clark
And our latest Admiral, George Dewey.
The hatchet and the cherry tree;
The axe and splitted rail;
The eagle's scream; the patriot's dream;
And "big stick" on the trail.
These all are symbols of our days
To celebrate, orate and praise
Our institutions and our ways.
No matter what our station,
We are a glorious nation—
The finest in creation!
(None tires of this relation).

When men and deeds and all of these
Give out, we take to trees
And have an "Arbor Day;" or pay
Our homage to the flowers and say
In June, it is the Children's Day;
Or, on the earliest day in May,
We crown a queen with flow'ry spray;
And on the thirtieth we lay
The wreath'd flow'rs on blue and gray,
While drums beat low and comrades pray.
These victories of peace
Are wondrous good to see;
The North and South both honor now
The birth of General Lee.

'Tis heroes make the days
We praise with lays—
Sometimes, 'tis true, in curious ways.

Heroes have we who swam;
Others who took Guam,
In name of Uncle Sam.
One who fought at San Juan;
One hero sank a ship;
Later, upon his lip
Were foolish kisses rained.
This deed pained us and Hobson
And made him lose his job soon.
Ulysses, too, the silent,
From April claims his days,
And on the twenty-seventh
We go Galena ways.

Tecumseh Sherman reached the sea
By memorable march;
And he who won Manila Bay
Has a triumphal arch.
Rash Paul Revere, at midnight hour,
Roused every minute man;
And Sheridan on steed "Midnight"
Was swiftest of his clan.
On Good McKinley's natal day
Carnations wear who can,
And February 27th we toast
Longfellow, poet and man.

Another hero whom we praise
Is "Fighting Bob" whose novel ways
Of using English do not raise,
With saintly folk, unstinted praise;
Yet he's an admirable Admiral,
"The apple of the eye"
Of doting public, as is Schley.
Ah well, if heroes multiply
And new fetes us supply
At such a rapid rate,
First thing we know the calendar
Some new days must create,
Or we can nothing worthy do
But live and celebrate!

Halloween

To Mrs. F. T. Simmons, Halloween, October 31, 1908.

A S night is ever darkest
Just ere the break of day,
So boyhood's pranks are maddest
Before our All Saints' Day.

And hence our chief policeman
Has called a spade a spade
And says: "For every stolen sign
Let an arrest be made.

"No matter if the culprit
Looks a cherub without sin,
If he unhinges someone's gate
Be sure you run him in.

"It is a misdemeanor
To find a horse unhitched,
And equally a crime, sirs,
To see a go-cart ditched.

"Whate'er lacks strict decorum
Tonight will be a sin,
So anyone away from home
Would better be run in."

A toast to suit each present
Were difficult, I ween,
Unless we toast the evening
And drink to Halloween.

All hallowed be this evening
When true friends meet with friends,
And thought, with wit and laughter,
Around the board extends.

So, hostess fair, you've hallowed
This eve to each one here;
A sacred time in memory
Where good friends grow more dear.

Hoch Der Kaiser!

At the Kaiser's birthday dinner of the Illinois Manufacturers'
Association, on board the "Furst Bismarck,"
January 27, 1912.

AS Monte Cristo, famed of old,
Exclaimed "The world is mine!"
These manufacturers, my friends,
Aboard the Hamburg Line,

Though modest each as maiden coy
And quite averse to fame,
Are of that stuff, without alloy,
Which "gets there just the same."

Their implements and mechanism
Supply from coast to coast,
While firm demands from foreign lands
Reach e'en the uttermost.

Their railroad men the whole round earth
Have banded, as a cask
By skilful cooper-man, to hold
Most anything they ask.

Then the stock of all the earth
Is by their packers branded
And, on stock farms or western plains,
Most any price demanded.

For all are manufacturers—
Creators if you will—
And what they don't originate
Could be expressed by "nil."

They typify this land, so free,
Of opportunity;
Where workers may grow scarcer than
Captains of Industry.

They peacefully assimilate
The products of the plain
Or of the deep, like Buccaneers
Who sailed the Spanish main.

For them the sun shines day by day,
For them the ship sails on,
And life is just as free from care
As to a Spanish Don.

They have the world, they hold the world,
And every good we see,
At their command and right at hand,
For joy of you and me.

Each day fresh gladness greets our gaze,
Each night we're surfeited;
Yet sleep the sleep of righteousness
In straight and narrow bed.

The captain of this vessel staunch,
Good Muller that he is,
Has flour to feed the daily need—
Yes, everything is his'

And ours, of meat and fruit to eat,
Fine wines and other drinks;
Yes everything, e'en appetites,
And always ice that clinks.

If each has all that heart can ask
And everything that's fine,
Then Monte Cristo is no myth;
For each—"The world is mine!"

To entertain its passengers
On this most wondrous trip,
The "stunts" and games have been, we're told,
Quite foreign to a ship.

For once the women voted here
Direct for President;
But on the ship steamed, just the same,
And not a sail was rent.

A prize fight, too, that drew no blood
Nor aught admission fee,
While, in the game of ball, the bat
Was wrong end up, you see.

They "eyed" a pig without an eye;
But that was not the worst—
All tried to walk a fine, straight line
Through opera glass reversed.

They've told us of mosquito pests
And yellow fever germs,
And how to them annihilate
In scientific terms.

They tried to give to Kingston folk
A tiny earthquake shock,
But being at the hour of dusk
They only shocked the dock

And hit John Bull a body-blow
Upon his island coast;
Which blow, we fear, we'll later hear
Has turned into a "roast."

This, the only moving picture
Colonel Roper did not catch;
Still ships ashore are rather more
Than a committee's match;

Yet, all along the isthmus line,
Past modern home or hut,
From Colon town to Panama
And through Culebra's cut,

Move pictures of the grandest work
Our engineers can plan,
When Uncle Sam's behind them
And at their head a man

To carry to completion,
Ere San Francisco's Fair
That "Great Divide" the other side
Abandoned in despair.

Yet, as good a moving picture
As ever one can find,
Is the mem'ry of this journey
On the retina of mind.

These fourteen days upon the deep
With manufacturers
Of Illinois, are filled with joy
That we shall always keep.

And though we women never can
Express our thanks in speeches,
Each one will say, in her own way,
"It beats ice cream and peaches."

You men can't be more grateful e'en
Though you are much the wiser;
We are appreciative and
All join in—"Hoch der Kaiser!"

Titles and Trust

To Mrs. Darius Miller, January 29, 1908.

TO great New York we yield the palm
In just one line of trades—
The purchasing of titles'old
With Gotham's heiress maids.

Chicago girls are wise enough
To scorn such flimsy bubbles;
They know that old-world titles are
Another name for troubles.

Nor Austrian Counts, nor English Dukes,
Could lure our loyal band
Of true, whole-souled Americans
To seek another land.

Each dame, each girl in all these parts,
Can be a queen of home and hearts;
And yet the finest of them all,
With beauty, wealth and figure tall,

Our hostess dear, whose smile's ■ thriller,
Is still content to be a Miller.
Told we the truth entire 'twould fill her
So full of praise, perhaps 'twould kill her.

The Newspaper Man's Relations

To the Press Club of Chicago, November 4, 1911.

HE says Frank Hitchcock will resign;
That marriage is his stunt;
Next he relates Frank will not mate
And be resigned he won't.

His pros and cons, his offs and ons
Are truly mystical;
We can't believe he would deceive
With talk sophistical.

He stirs us up, he calms us down,
He makes our hearts to quake
With dire predictions of distress;
Then says- "'twas a mistake."

He claims omniscience for his press,
And all his news a "scoop;"
Says other papers didn't score
And dooms them to the "soup."

His head-lines tell us one thing,
The text another quite;
We get confused and then amused
And don't know which is right.

Full seldom does a layman come
To talk unto the press.
Of these new members every one,
I warrant, has his guess

That speeches from the laity
To veterans of the quill
May, like sophomoric splurges,
Be taken very ill.

But "relations" we're to talk of,
Relations of the press
To the public that's so trusting
That it can never guess

How the newsman of the night time,
Compelled to fill his space
And get his story whe'er or no
And win, whate'er the pace,

May sometimes weave a fabric wide
From out one tiny thread,
Or make a theme of his pipe-dream
From out his tired head.

Yet his "relations" oftenest
Are famous for their tone;
Perchance that tone they paint the town,
Perchance 'tis shades of chrome.

Should editors and owners, though,
Approve that saffron hue,
Alack, alas and woe betide
The folk they interview.

Still these "relations" of the press,
Though sometimes hard to bear,
Perhaps are somewhat better than
No color anywhere.

Because of the relations to
The public by the press,
A nation's sins seem magnified
And yet, we must confess,

That by this same exploiting press,
The nation's conscience wakes,
And ways and means of betterment
Immediately takes.

So we are glad the press is bad
To evil men and bold,
And that these knights of will and quill
Most everything have told.

By-Products

At dinner given by Mrs. Stack to Mr. John Clay, Mr. and
Mrs. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. Noyes and Mrs. Connell,
September 22, 1907.

HERE'S to a country party
That typifies the earth,
Its substance, soil and products
And everything of worth!

There's Clay for its foundation
And Sands or precious Stones
And Stacks, the richest products
Of these, our temperate zones.
In Sanders' soil grow dainty flowers.
With Clay, you'll find the "rocks,"
And where the Stacks are tall and grand
There's never lack of stocks.
From Clay was fashioned human kind;
There are Sands in land and sea;
There are Stacks of corn and Stacks of grain
To make "fire-water" free!
In Scottish, Texan, East Point homes,
In cottage by the links,
In manor of the "Master" man,
Such stores might cause "high jinks!"
But best this life of nature's calm
With hunters and golf balls
On carpets all of living green
And only caddie calls,
Or cries from golfers on the links
Who sometimes sing out "fore,"
Or, when the nineteenth's play is good,
The magic word "encore!"
Or, when one's listeners are tired,
The better words "no more!"

Let's drink one toast to Scotia's son! (Clay)
One to him who guards our grounds! (Sanders)
To him who's said to raise the wind! (Noyes)
And to the master of the hounds! (Stack)

Our Baby Chapter

At first anniversary meeting of Louis Joliet Chapter D. A. R.
which, under Miss Lyra Brown, Regent,
grew from 12 to 49.

LONG live our "baby chapter,"
The Louis Joliet!
Whose great good works I know of,
Although we've never met.

One year's a brief existence
In which to act and plan,
Yet echoes of the actions
Will reach a longer span.

When earnest women gather
In any righteous cause
For home, for God or country
And not for vain applause,

Their work will keep on growing
Like seed in sweet springtime,
Till the product of their sowing
May reach results sublime.

Results we hope for, Joliet,
And surely not in vain.
From twelve to forty-nine a year
Is a tremendous gain

In ardent, working "Daughters"
All filled with patriot's zeal
To teach pure love of country
And every difference heal.

We felt success was certain
When Lyra Brown you chose.
She is an inspiration;
Her health, let us propose!

May this first year of growing
Set pace for all the years!
Should you keep up this showing
You'd outstrip all compeers.

The Real Magnets

To Mrs. W. G. Pearce, January 2, 1910, at tea, to honor Mr.
John S. Stevens, former engineer of the Panama Canal.

DEAR hostess and great engineer,
You're better than good Christmas cheer,
As magnets strong, to draw us here
Upon the threshold of the year.

We'll toast the host and toast the guest,
And drink the health of all the rest;
And laugh at ev'ry jolly jest
Since all things here are of the best.

Better Bide at Home

At Mrs. Eckhart's Easter Monday dinner, April 12, 1909, at
which the Governor and Mrs. Deneen were
honor guests.

THE Governor, our Governor!
Whom all delight to honor,
And lovely Mrs. Deneen, too—
May health descend upon her!

And health and wealth may each one have,
And joy that's best of all,
Unless that senatorial gown
On someone here should fall.

And if it should, what matter?
We'd lose the one who won,
While he'd go far to scatter
The senatorial plum.

To bide at home is better,
And ne'er from friends depart,
When friends are staunch as Mrs.
And Mr. Bernard Eckhart.

Merely an Impression

At surprise party given Mrs. Worthy, when members of Art
and Literature Department presented picture
(a print) in appreciation of her club work,

May 4, 1910.

O WORTHY is our hostess, dear,
And Worthy is her name;
So modestly she bears herself
She doesn't guess her fame.

But we who know and love her
And prize her at her worth;
Who've seen her zeal for others
Think she deserves the earth.

She's led our great department well;
She's done committee work
And never found too onerous
Those tasks which others shirk.

She's brought us beauteous treasures
And given of her best;
So we have all decided
She now must take a rest

And sit down while we tell her
This picture on the wall
Is nothing but a symbol
And doesn't tell at all

The wealth of loving feeling
Which everywhere extends
For Mrs. Martha Worthy
Among her A. L. friends;

Yet, of their appreciation,
Perhaps, 'twill give a hint
More lasting than this meeting
Because it is "in print."

Off for China

At Chinese luncheon given by French Club in honor of Mrs.
Wm. J. Calhoun, University Club, January 13, 1910.

DEAR honored guest of ours today,
If one could only really say
In French, or any other tongue,
The thoughts that in each breast have sprung
To wish you well, 'twould parallel,
In volume, a great college yell.

We'll have no fears for this dear friend,
Because our government doth send,
To guard and guide and comfort her,
A full-fledged U. S. Minister.
And in the land of stoic calm
Her learned mind will be as balm

To scholars wise, Confucian,
In Canton, Peking or Nankin,
Since good diplomacy can bend
Enough to please and not offend.
Though feet are small in China land
And human life as grains of sand,

They're not so slow, I'd have you know,
For peasant youth can undergo
The scholar's test and thereby win
The button of a mandarin.
Perhaps the women do not vote,
But there are signs, I'd have you note,

Of progress there, for ladies fair
Wear trousers, men the silken coat.
Were I a prophet, I would guess
That in a year, or even less,
This honored guest, all love and bless,
Will be known as an Ambassadress!

Two Pearls of Worth

To Mrs. Charles Martin Henrotin—of the golden hair—and
Miss Clara Kretzinger, June 10, 1908.

I N mines of farthest Africa,
Deep hidden in the ground,
The very purest, brilliant gems
In all the world are found.

And from this darkest continent,
So new and yet so old,
Has come a pearl of womanhood
Set in a crown of gold.

To Mrs. Charles Henrotin, dear,
We give a glad June greeting,
Well knowing that each woman here
Is richer for this meeting

With one so brave and eke so fair
Who's lived in Afric's land;
Who's seen the wild in beast and man
And knew how to command!

Artistic Clara Kretzinger,
Congratulations now!
Though young in years, you surely wear
Fame's wreath upon your brow.

We're proud of your achievements
In far off, gay "Paree"
(Now don't make the mistake to think
They were in the hours called "wee").

The "wee sma" hours when Moulin Rouge
And Maxims are in swing,
When foolish ones from our fair land
Think they are just the thing!

Ah no, our Clara Kretzinger
Won in the light of day,
When on the line her pictures hung
And fame had come to stay.

One Slight Compensation

I N former times, 'twas but in June
That roses could be found;
Now, in this great Chicago town
Which turned its river round,

You'll find the fairest buds of all
Bloom in the winter's frost,
Midst chiffon, lace and broideries,
Regardless of the cost.

If we can't have, we wish to see
Each bud as it unfolds;
So make the rounds in our best gowns
'Midst dreadful drafts and colds.

So here's the compensation, friends,
For those without a rose:
You miss a lot of loveliness
But save the cost of clothes.

A Toast to Two

To Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Farson, at South Shore Country Club,
October, 17, 1909.

O H, traveled ladies and most fair,
With whose wise ways none can compare,
To say aught worthy, I despair.
One might make odes to your bright hair,
But that, like tides, hair falls and rises
With each of fashions wild surprises;
Or, to your eyes, your beauteous eyes,
To look in which is paradise.
This much I'll say—you both stand fast
And have the qualities that last.
Your friendships true all greatly prize.
Were I a prophet, I'd devise
That future ages authorize
Your memories to canonize.

For Christmas

WITH mistletoe and holly
Let Christmas time be jolly
With just a little folly;
But don't get off your trolley!

High Tea

At Mrs. Hammer's "High Tea," February 15, 1909.

WHEN good friends bid us lunch or dine,
We always look for something fine;
And when 'tis just plain "5 o'clock"
One sees each dame in gorgeous frock
And hears, perchance, some lively "knock,"
Though never anything to shock.
Each sips the cup and eats a bit,
For, in the words of Doctor Holmes,
Such tea is "gabble, gobble, git."
But when 'tis "High Tea," what is that?
"Oh, something 'highty,'" said a fat
Curmudgeon putting on his hat
To hie away from woman's chat,
Or chatter, 'tis no matter what
We call it. But "High Tea," again—
An explanation—please explain
The perfect meaning of "High Tea."
Ah, Mistress Hammer, is't where we
Sit around the board and only see
Daughters and sons of pedigree,
Or Lords and Dames of high degree
Who never eat but just sip tea?
I think that 9 o'clock "High Tea"
Is something mighty, mighty fine
At number thirty-nine naught three,
When Mistress H. asks mine and me
To greet such friends as here we see.

R. S. V. P.

At first meeting of Illinois Colony Club, composed of thirteen
clubs of thirteen members each.
September 29, 1911.

AS the launching of a ship
Adown the slanting ways
Is everywhere attended
With meed of wine and praise,

The launching of a colony
May well be helped along
At its initial meeting
With friends and food and song,

And if the new made Colony
On study is intent,
Perhaps they'll welcome questions
In following their bent.

Now, one that's been propounded
About Colonial days,
Concerns the why and wherefore
Of our ancestors' ways.

If, in the land they came from,
To turn to left was right
Why did colonial settlers
Reverse this order quite?

And always pass the other way
And say that right was right;
That "gee" was better far than "haw"
As right is more than might?

Because, instead of coach and four
With whiplash at the right,
Our forebears guided oxen teams
On foot like peasant wight.

And so their whiplash had to be
At left instead of right,
For constant was its use, we're told,
The ox to expedite.

Still other problems weightier
On every hand are seen
To tax these studious ladies
Of thirteen times thirteen.

Were stolid dames of spinning wheels
And spinets, so remote,
As grand as our Dames of today,
Who're clamoring to vote?

Why did Colonial Fathers
For freedom seek our shore
And then pursue the policy
They suffered from before?

Were their days really "good old days"
We would interrogate?
And was intolerance the way
To make a happy state?

And why were kindly, goodly folk
Accused as wicked witches?
And what was superstition then
And other whys and whiches?

Bouquets for Four

To Mr. and Mrs. Leicht and Mr. and Mrs. Pixley, at dinner
South Shore Country Club first night of
Horse Show, 1907.

HERE'S to the queen of beauty! (Mrs. Leicht)
And here's to the queen of wit! (Mrs. Pixley)
Here's to a gentle, parfait knight! (Mr. Leicht)
And here's to the man who is "it!" (Mr. Pixley)
Whose words hold the breathless audience
That ne'er gets a chance to nod!
Who can silence carping critics
And capture the gallery god!
His lilting lines and perfect rhymes
Quite set our blood a tingle,
While our poor muse at best, betimes,
Makes but a sorry jingle.

From a Freak Country

To Mrs. Chas. Henrotin of Kimberly, South Africa, and Mrs.
Herron of Denver, June 5, 1908.

WHEN charming Mrs. Simmons said:
"Come sit with me at meat.
A rara avis I will show,
A Herron that will eat
And talk withal; also I've meant
To show a specimen
More rare, from the dark continent,
A bride." (All brides are fair!)

Imagine our surprise and joy,
As those strange ones we greet,
To find they're not real foreigners
But just the sweetest, sweet
Dear dames it does one good to meet.
We therefore thank our hostess fair
For giving us this treat.

Finer than Russian princesses
(With names to make one sneeze)
Are these two guests of honor
From the Antipodes!
Finer than feathered herons
Or Ethiopian belle
Are Americans transplanted
Who can tales of travel tell.

The Powers That Be

To Mr. and Mrs. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Brower and Mr. and
Mrs. Lynch, January 31, 1909.

THE Powers that be
Are such as we
Much love to see
And greet with glee.

The Browers, too,
Make no adoo,
And though so young
They do not woo
Nor even coo
In public, as do
Some who write less well
Than she (Mrs. B.)
But if one tells
How she excels
It sounds the knell
Of friendship. She
Is so modest!
Isn't that the oddest
Thing on earth!

But now, the pinch!
A rhyme with 'Lynch.
Why, it's a cinch
To say nice things
Or e'en give wings
To two so dear
As these friends here.

Well I know we're
Right glad
You all are here
Our hearts to cheer!

LaVerne has been
A wee bit blue,
And had a nurse
To pull him through
The horrid grippe.
Now we can sip
Or deeply tip
The glass to him.
'Tis but the lip
Upon the rim
That he can have
For his within.

Birthday Wishes

On receiving notice of the birth of a daughter, Wilhelmina Gentry, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bush, August 1, 1909.

WE welcome Wilhelmina G.
To this glad world of ours,
And trust the rosy little Bush
May never fail of flowers!

The flowers of love and hope and joy
Without a single thorn;
So we may never cease to bless
This day on which she's born.

To a Song-Bird

To Jane Osborn Hannah, the great American singer,
January 22, 1910.

DEAR honored guest,
On this bright day
All wish to say
We love you best
And will with zest
Your good health drink
And then bethink
To give the wink
To fortune for
Your sake, who take
All hearts by storm,
If once they hear
Rise high and clear
Your wondrous song
Whose notes prolong
Our ecstasy!
While all agree
We've yet to see
Or know or hear
One great as thee.

Under the Hammer

At Mrs. Hammer's "Home Picnic," May 6, 1910.

ALL honor to the hostess
Who gives us summer joy,
And never lets the weather
In any way annoy.

To ordinary mortals,
The word "picnic" spells "rain,"
But she is a magician
And ne'er commands in vain.

She finds poetry in steeples,
Is great in epigram,
And, though she's but a woman,
Can show up Uncle Sam.

Of her wonderful achievements
There's much that I could tell;
For instance, she's a grandmamma,
Yet still a reigning belle.

She brings us to the Hammer
But never sells us out;
And, when it comes to drinking,
There's never any drought.

So, in this fragrant mocha,
We'll toast her perfect health
And wish her joy forever,
With always boundless wealth.

From Far Japan

At Mrs. Roby's luncheon to U. S. Daughters of 1812 at Loyal
Hall, to prove a rhyme for "Roby" was possible.

TO Loyal Hall! To Loyal Hall!"
Calls to us Mrs. Roby;
And we respond as readily
As geisha dons her obi.

Wedding Wishes

To Elsie Macomber and Lewis Louer, at their wedding,
Des Moines, September 25, 1906.

WERE wishes, good wishes, like water,
A sea would soon fill this great room;
A sea, nay an ocean of wishes
To launch the fair bride and the groom.

And sail would they ever and ever
In bliss and in honeymoon's glow,
Ne'er touching aught petty or sordid—
If wishes could make the world go.

Then joyous, best wishes we'll give them!
All good on the face of the earth!
And, if every wish shall be granted,
All this will not measure their worth!

Beans and Brain

At "Boston Brown Bread and Baked Beans" luncheon, given
by Mrs. Albion W. Small of the U. of C.
March 5, 1908

THOUGH ice is on the tree tops
And mire is under foot,
Though sack-cloth is in season
As well as ash and soot,
Though penitence become us
And sad should be our mood,
We come with joy, dear hostess,
For Boston's famed brain food

And eke the healthful brown bread,
New England's staff of life.
No Lenten gloom depresses
Who seek the higher life
Of thought and love and goodness
In this, our worldly state,
Where riches do not matter
And only truth is great.

Autumn

To Mrs. Casey Wood, Winnetka, Ill., October 19, 1909.

WHEN harvests all are gathered
And through the autumn haze
We see the bounteous shocks of
The golden Zea Maize;

Where maple leaves are yellow
And just a touch of white
Is found upon the foot-path
At close of frosty night;

Or where those leaves of yellow
Are, here and there, flame-kissed,
There'll come some tiny snow-flakes
To clear the smoke and mist.

But, better than the colors
Of autumn's red and chrome,
Is this sweet thought to cheer us:
Our friends are coming home.

Impromptu

To Chief of the Weather Bureau and Mrs. Willis L. Moore,
January 10, 1906.

GOOD host and hostess, ever dear,
So wise in weather lore,
We take with joy your proffered cheer
And love you more and more!

The Best Creed

MAY we practice more than preach
That best of all the creeds
Voiced by Parsees of the Indies:
"Good thoughts, good words, good deeds."

Evanston

To Mrs. Shaffer, Evanston, May 29, 1908.

TO dear Virginia Shaffer
Let's drink a toast today:
Queen of our hearts, and hostess,
As well as Queen of May!

We'll quaff in wine or coffee,
Or eke in Adam's ale,
The favored drink in Evanston
Where never people fail

To live their high ideals,
Nor e'er indulge in wrongs
More grave than playing auction bridge
Or singing darkey songs.

We, of Chicago, hold you
The purest and the best—
That Evanston is Heaven,
Nor is this merely jest

But plainest fact, I tell you;
These guests attest the truth
Since all wear smiles seraphic
And have perpetual youth.

Host and Hostess

To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Channon, November 6, 1906.

BETTER than princely riches stored,
Better than heroes' boom of cannon,
To sit a guest at such a board
In sight of beauteous Mrs. Channon.

But better yet than all of this,
Better than merriest Maytime rouse,
Is calling this sweet house his home
And being Mrs. Channon's spouse.

The Young Turcks

To Dr. and Mrs. Turck, and the Misses Hamilton of Omaha,
at Calumet Club, June 7, 1909.

THIS "party of young Turcks"
Just suits me to a "T",
But were I Abdul H.
The case might different be.

His young Turks turned him out,
While ours have asked us in,
Which proves again the truth
That ins are sure to win.

So to this young Turck party,
The Doctor and his wife,
We pray that every blessing
May come to them through life,

While to the fair young ladies
From far away Nebraska
To drink a good stiff bumper
What richer toast could'st ask, ah?

No Better Holmes

To Mrs. Marshall Holmes, at Midlothian Country Club.
June 6, 1908.

THERE are no friends like our friends,
So happy and so bright!
There are no Holmes like these Holmes,
Whose guests we are tonight!
There is no Bush like this Bush,
Sir William, on the right!
There is no Club like this Club
Which so delights the sight!
There is no time like this time
When each one's heart is light!
There is no cup like this cup;
Drink deep, dear friends, tonight!

The Course of Empire

To Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Black, November 6, 1906.

LONG years ago, a bishop wrote—
"Westward the course of Empire" trends;
But when it comes to men of note
It is not so today, my friends.

Let banker great or financier
Reach heights of business vision clear,
The East is sure to come "a calling,"
And in a manner quite appalling.

And artists, too, have caught the rage,
As have the actors on the stage.
Everything, except the stork,
Seems headed straight for old New York.

This state of things we much deplore,
And, if they call for any more,
We'll say: "No Sir!" and turn our backs
Until they send us back the Blacks.

Harry and His Hair

At birthday dinner given by Mrs. Henry J. Furber, in honor
of her son, Harry J., Jr., May 12, 1907.

WE wish you years a plenty
To get the good of life,
And love, and lots of money,
Also a perfect wife.

We wish you cheer and gladness
And fame beyond compare;
All joy and never sadness
And a nice, new growth of hair.

Oh Harry, Harry Furber,
What have you got to say
To all of our good wishes
Upon your natal day?

Thanksgiving

FOR every day of life we're living,
Thanksgiving!
For friends assembled 'round this board,
Thanks we're giving!
For riches added to each hoard,
Thanks we're giving!
For every blessing great and small,
Thanks give we all!

Social Amenities

Mrs. Pauline Palmer sent out the following from the Latin
Quarter for Tuesday, May 26, 1908.

“COME have a taste of the simple life,
A dish of tea with me;
We'll shake the hand of Myrtle Reed,
She's as nice as she can be.”

The Acceptance

With you and Myrtle Reed I'll be
Just on the stroke of three,
For sight of you without the tea
Is surely joy enough for me.

The Response of the Guest of Honor

“With you on Tuesday I will be
In rags both glad and grand
Although I do not greatly care
To shake my other hand.”

Invitation to the Assistants

If you would look your prettiest
And talk and act your wittiest
And see that everybody had
A cup of punch or tea,
I could entertain with grace
A king or queen, or ace!
So kindly come and help me
Tuesday afternoon at three.

To General and Mrs. F. D. Grant

At Easter dinner, March 27, 1910.

TO MRS. GRANT:

O lady with the beauteous smile,
Who, with a glance, can all beguile,
We drink your health!
We love you now; we'll love you while
You go to dwell on Governor's Isle!
All drink to you!
But won't you come again, dear friend,
And radiance to our gatherings lend
So we can toast
The fairest and most gracious dame
That ever to Chicago came?
We drink to you!

TO GENERAL GRANT:

The god of battles gave our land,
In civil strife, for chief command,
A man the foe could ne'er withstand.
And now traditions are upset
Since in his son he did beget
A General Grant, who is gallant,
And genial and generous
To foes; yet can be adamant
If wrong is shown. So here alone
Is evidence to demonstrate,
Beyond discussion or debate,
One great man's son is truly great.

Sweetest and Fairest

To Mrs. Edwin Earle Sparks at Round Table Club, Washington, D. C., April 19, 1906.

THE sweetest song at morning's dawn
Is everywhere the lark's.
The fairest dame at Table Round
Is Katherine Cotton Sparks.

Achievement

To Mrs. Leicht, who personated the Empress Eugenie at the
Living Picture Pageant for Charity,
December, 1907.

WHO thinks that woman counts for naught
On this terrestrial sphere
Should learn of the achievements great
Of one fair lady here.

Our hostess—dame of high degree—
Who titles' glare withstood;
Yet with renown she wears a crown,
The crown of motherhood.

In planning fetes for charity,
A General is she;
And, when it comes to raising funds,
Captain of Industry.
She's conquered many languages;
Mankind is at her feet;
E'en women own her right to rule
Because her rule is sweet.
Of beauty long she's been the queen;
How can she more advance?
She is an Empress here tonight,
The Empress of Fair France.

Stricken San Francisco

April 19, 1906.

DEEP sorrow for the people
Of the Pacific Coast
Makes dumb the joyous song words
Which should have framed a toast.

Our hearts go out to aid them,
Strong hearts of D. A. R.;
Our prayers go out to save them—
Our sufferers afar.

What Punishment Fits This?

IS any husband justified
Who gives his wife a jolt?
Now, when a printer's type is pied
He's justified to bolt
The prim proprieties of speech
And grab most anything in reach
To hit the one who makes a pun
Or something bad as that.
Now, harrowing up one's feelings deep
Much worse is than a spat,
And whosoe'er shall dare stir them
Should get back tit for tat.
Just yesterday my husband dear
Remarked in accents bland:
"I saw a case of kidnapping,
Yet didn't lift a hand!"
"Not help the victim?" wild I cried,
And tears began to start.
"Well, if you must know all, the kid
Was napping in his cart."

Time's Changes

To Mrs. Gustavus P. English, at luncheon to Chicago Board
D. A. R., June 29, 1906.

IN days of great, great grandsires,
Quite seven score years ago,
Each one of our ancestors
Despised the British foe.

Today we call him "cousin;"
We've anglomania;
And everything that's English
Has surely "come to stay."

We toast our English daughter
And pledge her faith and love;
This dame so brave and fearless,
Yet gentle as a dove!

High Jinks in Newport

At the Clam Bake, Newport, R. I., the "play day" of the
biennial meeting of the General Federation
of Women's Clubs of 1908.

THE Federated Women
Today are making play
While farmers of the Bay State
Are busy making hay.

A million clams at Newport
Just now are "in the bake"
While others of the bivalves
Are broiling at the stake.

Dear federated member
These sins are for your sake;
There's ne'er a vegetarian
When days of play we take.

With deep appreciation
Of hosts here in the East,
We toast the generous givers
Of this great clam-bake feast.

And while the women present
Sustain the "inner man"
Or dream of the vast projects
Which federations plan,

Or sail to Narragansett
Or on the Cliff Walk roam,
There's never a club woman
Forgets the loved at home.

The Greatest Joy

MIDST all the joys of health and wealth,
Or blisses sweet from Cupid's dart,
The best, they say, in life's long way
Is eke the light and merry heart.

The Best Gifts

At Social Economics Club, May Day, 1911.

I N the all-wise Creator's plan
These are best gifts to mortal man:
Enthusiasm for the right
And calm in cloud as well as light;
To see the good in others' deeds;
Feel tolerance for others' creeds;
To love one's flag and love one's land
And feel the pulsing heart expand
At the brave deed or kindly one;
Quick to forget a favor done
To others, yet recognizing
Favors we receive; not prizing
The gift given to gain again
Another gift. They're best gifts when
The giver gives his heart and thought
And gives them freely, all unsought,
Forgetting greed or praise or pelf;
Forgetting, e'en forgetting self.
Such are the gifts we deem the best;
Yet one there is worth all the rest—
The soul that scorns all base desires
And, though discouraged, still aspires
To do and dare, to love and serve,
And in such serving never tires.

Always a Head

In Mr. Head's calendar under date of December 28, 1911.

WE toast the Father and the Friend
Who to each gathering doth lend
His ready wit and brilliant speech
And e'en the power to preach or teach—
In all lines he has fame;
Since in each sphere 'tis truly said
He is the undisputed Head
In fact as well as name.

Our President

To President Roosevelt, at a dinner given by Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Shaw, January 9, 1906.

THE President! Our President!
Earth's greatest man today,
Whose people like the loyal wife,
"Love, honor and obey."

His country vast, united is;
He's loved by sire and son;
His strenuous deed and simple creed
Leave enemies scarce one.

'Tis not existence roseate,
This life executive;
And yet, methinks 'tis better far
Than monarch's lands can give.

The Kaiser dreads lese majeste,
The Czar the fatal bomb,
While nearly every royal head
Dreams most of "kingdom come."

All honor to our President!
Long may his good life last!
Secure his fame and great his name
In future, as in past!

From a Masculine Admirer

To Mrs. W. J. Black, July 3, 1909, at Midlothian Country Club.

O H, darling Mrs. Jerry Black,
With charm you're so bedight
That every time I look at you
I swear that Black is white.

While as to Mr. Jerry Black,
Though he may jolly seem,
Could he but see the heart of me
You'd know that Black is green.

Midlothian Wins Again

ALL glory to Midlothian's team
That the Field trophy won!
'Tis not a team that stops to dream,
For all were "going some."

These past few years, through doubts and fears,
All, like our "Youngsters," played
Triumphant golf, at every score
Till all their foes were laid.

But, of this glory we've enough,
For, sure as you were born,
When everything has come to us
What need to blow the horn?

Our team! our Youngsters! and our Club!
Each perfect to the sight;
Since all the world bouquets have hurled,
Let's "whoop 'em up" tonight!

Fullness

At Harvest Home dinner of Midlothian Country Club,
October 10, 1908.

THE moon's as full as she can be,
Yet no one cares a jot;
If any member here were full,
We would wax very hot
And speak some dreadful, dreadful words;
Perhaps as bad as "sot!"
Midlothian's list of trophies great
Is full as it can be;
The farmers' barns are full of grain,
Which makes them full of glee.
This fullness is a problem full
Of great perplexity;
Most everything is proud when full,
Excepting you and me.

Her Taking Ways

To Mrs. Henry Parker Newman.

HER taking ways demand our praise
And awe and love and wonder;
Yet we wouldn't come from under
The charm of her courage high,
The gleam of her flashing eye,
Nor ever cease to try
To emulate her and take her
To our heart of hearts.
She's a woman of such parts
That Dan Cupid shapes his darts
To the measure of her arts;
And yet I'm sure she could make tarts.

In Woman's Club the chair she takes,
And calmly then the members makes
Each one perform her task;
To take the floor, nor ask
"If more won't bore?" nor mask
The real desire to take to flight
At thought of any work in sight.

In truth our Fanny's ways are quite
Beyond my Muse's power tonight.
She's here, this hostess dear,
And we partake her cheer.
If boyhood's toast to her we'd make
'Twould simply be—"She takes the cake!"

The Transplanted Bud

To Mrs. Adele Whitcomb Blackwell, of Omaha, at her parental
home, January 22, 1906.

A beaut'ous bud transplanted
May later bloom as well;
E'en so from this sweet household
The flower-like girl Adele.

Though still she's as the rosebud
To home friends and "mamma,"
She is stately "Mrs. Blackwell"
In far-off Omaha.

And now we gladly give her
Long life and health and cheer!
And may she come more often,
This rosebud daughter dear!

For Better or Worse?

WHEN burns that subtle flame
Which blends hearts in accord,
One finds naught in a name
If love alone is lord.

Proof, do you ask, of this
Most queer of Cupid's tricks?
One Alice changed her name
From "Roosevelt" to old Nic's!

What's in a Name?

To Mrs. Elmer Ellsworth Black, October 23, 1905.

OUR hostess fair,
Beyond compare,
With wit so rare,
Yet bears a name
The darkest ever;
But she's all right!
Her acts are white,
She's always bright
And ever clever!

“As Ithers See Ye”

To Mrs. Harry Irving Miller, at dinner at Glen View Golf Club,
September 9, 1906.

O’ER merry Mrs. Miller,
Our hostess of tonight,
Not brighter is the sparkle
Of incandescent light
Than praises sung about her
Right here and everywhere!
“A truest friend and neighbor;”
“A woman always fair;”
“A dainty bit of Dresden;”
“A gem without compare!”

This night we’re bound
The Scotch bard’s wish to gie ye,
Just once, a chance
“To see yoursel as ithers see ye.”

Some Sylvan Delights

To Marguerita Sylva, at Mrs. Philip Dyrenforth’s luncheon,
January 14, 1910.

A Marguerite, a flower, a pearl,
A woman’s soul with heart of girl;
An artiste with a song-bird’s throat,
Which always strikes the perfect note.
We own her sway, like joy of May.
What more, dear friends, can I now say
To end this lay and fill the score
Except to tell her, o’er and o’er,
How much we worship and adore
Her now and shall do more and more?
If “Carmen” comes—ah then, ah then,
’Tis not within our mortal ken
To speak the rapture she’ll inspire
Or tell her how we’ll never tire
Of worship at her shrine.

The Old South Chapter D. A. R.

On its fifteenth anniversary meeting held in Old South Meeting
House, Boston, December 11, 1911.

NINE chapters of the great Bay State,
Whose "Daughters" hearts are bold
And young and true, and fresh as dew,
Claim the cognomen "Old."

Congratulations to Old South
That's just fifteen today—
The bashful age, yet I'll presage
Each one could something say

For her "Old South," if she her mouth
Would open to speak out
Her words of praise for such birthdays
In meeting house devout.

But "women should keep silence all,"
Or thus our fathers taught;
So I will write and will not speak
My words of kindly thought,

To thank the Dame of Winthrop town
Who sent to me a card,
Her name unknown, yet here I own
I hold her in regard,

And wish the Chapter may live on,
Both old and ever young,
Doing such wealth of noble work
The half can ne'er be sung.

A Toast

LONG live our lovely guest of honor
To wear the flowers we shower upon her!
The flowers of speech and songs of praise,
Her meed and due through all her days!

A Toast to "Pleasant Home"

TO dine in state, or have a lark,
Or read the rarest tome,
The finest place in all Oak Park
Is in this Pleasant Home.

We love it in the summer-time
And in the winter cold;
For every time we visit it,
New beauties do unfold.

But not its charms of art alone
Could draw ten miles away
And make each one who's asked to dine
Just long and long to stay.

'Tis lordly John and sweet Marie
Who give to it its tone,
So, e'en without the Pleasant Home,
We'd come for them alone.

In Memoriam

**Lines to accompany wreath sent by Chicago Chapter Children
of the Republic, for the funeral of Mrs. John A. Murphy,
founder of the order, September 9, 1909.**

FOR one so great and truly good
As Mrs. Murphy dear,
No wreath could e'er be fine enough
To rest upon her bier,

Unless weighed down with loving thoughts,
Which those who knew her send
To honor her and grieve for her
Who was "The Children's Friend,"

As well as lover of her land
And worker for its good,
Who failed not in the fiercest fight,
E'en though misunderstood.

Winning by Degrees

At Miss Effie Thayer's dinner to forty young schoolmates
about to depart for eastern colleges, Evanston
Golf Club, September 10, 1909.

A health to our fair hostess here
And to the forty lasses
Who go from happy homes "out West"
To lead the eastern classes!

Tonight, they tread the merry dance
And dream of love and glory;
Next week, with stern professors near,
'Twill be another story.

We chaperones, with hearts so young,
Toast each one at this dinner
Because we know, with western vim,
Each one will be a winner

Of honors and high scholarships
Which but the brainiest seize,
As well as gainers of A. B.'s,
A. M.'s and Ph. D.'s.

Good Times Going On

To Mr. and Mrs. Robbins and Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, at Palm
Beach, Florida, February, 1909.

WITH dinner at the Beach Club
And Robbins here to sing,
A man of Sand to pay the band
And troubles taking wing—

We'll say, as does the Stein Song,
In chorus loud and long:
"It's true Florida weather
When good friends get together,
With wine on the table
And good times going on!"

The Minute Man

At the presentation of statuette of "Minute Man" from Chicago
Chapter D. A. R. to the Gallistel School,
June 23, 1910.

DEAR children of Gallistel School,
We bring a "Minute Man,"
Who stands alert
And won't desert
His post of duty here.
Yet ne'er a one
Who sees this gun
Will ever need to fear
Its fire.
'Tis simply to inspire
Us all to be as bold
And ready to
Defend the right
With word and means and might
As were the minute men of old
Who gave
Their all, our land to save!
Good pupils, 'tis for you to plan
To guard, for aye, this minute man.

Merely a Roast

At General Thomas' "corn roast" on new farm near Midlothian,
September 29, 1909.

BBETTER than all the autumn fruits
Which generous boards adorn;
Safer than juice of Zea Maize,
Is this good roasting corn.
And General T., like General G.,
To lead is not afraid
Whatever makes for righteousness
Like this neighborly parade.

The Glorious Fourth

To Mrs. Thomas White, Oak Park, at luncheon for the D. A. R.
Board, July 3, 1906.

MISTRESS WHITE,
In the light
Of this day
Bright and gay.

Let us say—
Hoch to you!
Club woman
Officer!
Who
Bids us here
For such cheer
We wouldn't kee
If school kept
Or we slept
On a cot!
Like as not
Some of us
In the fuss
Of the Fourth
Or before
Will not sleep
Any more
Next twenty-four
Hours or so
'Cause of heat
Of the drum,
Or tum-tum
Of tin pan,
Or crack, crack,
Or snap, snap—
Inventions
Of the Jap
Or Chinese!
Days like these
Make us young
And the tongue
Grows unruly

In a truly
Foolish way.
But a daughter
Who taught her
Youngsters gay
Any other way
To celebrate
Would desecrate
Tradition and
Curb ambition.
This
Day of days
Which we praise
Is a craze
In the ways
We make noise,
Deafening noise
To the joys
Of the boys
With their toys!
Statements terse,
Such as these,
Are not verse
But a jingle
To commingle
With the fun
And the froth
Of the Fourth.

The Eftest Way

Invitation to two temporary "grass widows" to dine at the
re-opening of U. L. C. and go to the theatre afterwards.

STAY not at home repining,
It is an after way
To come with us a-dining
If hubbie's gone today.

You'll see a Club made over
In spick and span array;
You'll see old friends and new ones
And afterwards the play.

Always a Girlie

To Mrs. W. W. Gurley, January 17, 1906.

WITH most of us, alas!
The fleeting years of girlhood
Oft all too early pass.
But one there is among us
Can stay the years at will;
Though age may win the others,
She'll be a "Gurley" still.

The Disappointed Lover

To Mrs. Arabella Allen Keith Gilmore, at Harvest Home
dinner, October 3, 1908.

HUEBSCH Arabella Allen,
Mit eyes zu charm ein sphinx,
And ways kein man can understand
You are one perfect minx!
Und though you now are grown up,
I love you yet still more,
Or would, but I'm afraid of
Young Mr. R. Gilmore.

Dot Gothamite so fearful
Is tall und dark und stern.
When he's around I'm tearful
And know not wo zu turn
To hide mein disappointment
Dot New York got the best
Of all these beauteous girlies
That grow up in the West.

Ach, Arabella Allen,
You're lost to me some more!
Yet if I speak gut English
I'd say nur, o'er and o'er,
Kein wort but "Arabella,"
The best one of the lot!
I thought that I would marry you;
But you knew I would not!

Gladness and Sadness

At farewell dinner to Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Rosenthal, and Miss Gladys, at Palm Beach, Fla., March 8, 1910.

WE'RE glad because our friends are here,
The dearest friends. We're glad because
The days are fine, the nights are clear,
And Beach Club dinners give good cheer.

We're sad because this is the end
Of days they can at Palm Beach spend;
Because tomorrow homeward wends
The train which carries these true friends.

God grant their journey safely ends!
Now this young lady, just eighteen,
With eyes so bright and wit so keen,
Is always glad because she's Gladys.

Young men are sad because her fad is
To slight them all; or short or tall
Beneath her withering glance they fall
Or fly like well-hit tennis ball.

When she gets older, let me add,
The right young man, if like her "dad"
In character, may yet get "Glad."

The Reason

To Mrs. S. K. Martin, November 17, 1908.

ALTHOUGH she is a grandmama,
Her heart is ever young;
And this is just the reason why
Her praise is always sung

By children and grandchildren, too,
And all who know her well.
To list the names of her true friends
Were more than tongue could tell.

Good Hand to Fill

To Mrs. Babcock, December 16, 1908.

O H hostess fair beyond compare,
We see you there with handsome Fred,
A royal pair to draw to—there,
That wasn't slang, so don't you care
If we should tell how very well
We love you both! Now, under oath,
This is the truth, e'en rosebud youth,
Though wondrous fair, cannot compare
With Abbie rare in hostess' chair
When she doth greet, with manner sweet
In this best part of old Rush Street,
The men who'd worship at her feet
And women who pronounce her "sweet"
And "dear" and "good enough to eat."
But we've no chance, there's so much meat
And wine and sweet, on linen neat,
That I can but repeat, repeat:
"Our hostess dear no one can beat!"

A Leader at Luncheon

To Mrs. Frederick M. Steele, at luncheon to the Chicago Colony
of New England, Thursday, May 26, 1910.

D EAR President! Our President!
With heart as true as steel
We pledge to you our homage true
Because in you we feel

We have a leader just and fine,
A true Colonial Dame,
Who'll bring to our great colony
Good deeds as well as fame.

For this sweet hospitality
Our thanks, the most sincere,
And for the N. E. Colony
Great growth from year to year!

Easter

AFTER forty days of sadness
And forty nights of gloom,
We greet our friends with gladness
And hail the Easter bloom

Which typifies the light that lies
O'er skies and lake and lawn;
The clear, white light of hopefulness,
Like coming of the dawn.

Through Lenten days repentance pays
For all the sins on earth;
So Easter days, the Lord be praised,
We'll dedicate to mirth!

No poem will I write to spring,
Nor even a love sonnet;
But may the day to each dame bring
A lovely Easter bonnet!

May each man at his board today
Have appetite of feaster,
Or, at the least, find meat enough
To be made glad it's Easter!

The Roasting Ears

When sister Gertrude told us "the roasting ears" were ready
and asked us to breakfast Friday, August 27,
1909, in Oak Park.

O H gayest of all parties
Is in the early morn
When sister dear at Oak Park
Bids us to "Roasting Corn."

We thank her for this favor
To city folk, like us;
For such maximum of flavor
With minimum of fuss.

Tempora Mutantur

At Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Goddard's dinner, preceding the ball
to National Banker's Convention, which President
Taft attended, September 16, 1909.

FOUR years ago we all went wild
About the "Teddy bear;"
Who later, like his prototype,
Chased wild beasts to their lair.

And then we grew light-headed, quite,
And strained our mortal sight
To watch each risky flying man
In his aerial flight.

Next on the list of our conceits
Was chasing the North Pole;
Each one grew hot and then grew cold
To find the frosty goal,

Till now we've read so very much
Of Dr. Cook and Peary;
Of stores and shore, and ice galore,
That everyone is weary.

Today the men, and children, too,
Are absolutely daft
To see and meet, inspect and greet
The smiling Mr. Taft.

Tonight each lady at the ball
Will absolutely hanker
To meet the lions of the hour
Each one of whom's a banker.

Among this crazy lot of folk,
The only ones who're sane
Are our good host and hostess here,
To whom a glass we drain.

The Ideal Village

For second Horse Show number of "Oak Leaves,"
September 12, 1908.

OAK Park, "the ideal village"
Bids you, good friends, attend
Her show, to aid the children
And asks that you will lend

The glory of your presence
To cheer the prancing steeds
(But you may come in an auto
If it best serves your needs),
For horses are the monarchs
Of our gay world today,
And they shall wear the ribbons
And all shall own their sway.

We promise you a grand time.
Let it be understood
That, while you're making merry,
You're also doing good
In helping little orphans
Of Hephzibah's fair halls
To know the joys of home life
In its protecting walls.
So charity and horse-flesh
Combine in this appeal
To give of your abundance
And for the orphan's weal.

Our Friends

LET'S have a toast
That's not a boast,
Nor yet a roast,
Nor to the host
And hostess fair;
But one for all
Within our call,
A bumper tall:
"Friends—everywhere!"

Sweet Charity

For the first Special Horse Show Number of the Oak Park
Weekly Paper, "Oak Leaves," September 4, 1908.

WHY do our equine beauties
So proudly lift the head?
That little orphan children
May have their daily bread.

And why Oak Park's "400"
So gaily are arrayed?
That every debt for orphans
Full quickly may be paid.

And why so very early
Do these bright Oak Leaves fall?
That you may read and ponder
And hear the children's call

For shekels, gold and silver
And big greenbacks galore
To warm the home and keep the wolf
Of hunger from the door.

Our Own Royalty

To Mrs. Potter Palmer, January 2, 1911.

TO the fairest and the greatest
Of all Chicago's dames,
Whom the press and pulpit praises
And ev'ryone acclaims

Each inch a queen, though none has seen
Her e'er assume the crown!
'Tis merit makes and gives our queen
A fame which will not down,

A fame at home, a fame abroad,
E'en in the halls of kings!
Chicago's queen is ever seen
The center of all things.

She leads in thought, she leads in deeds,
In ev'ry good she's seen;
Her charity surmounts all creeds,
As fits her regal mien.

No queen on European throne
Wears more secure her crown
Than Palmer Castle's chatelaine
Her well-won world renown.

And so we bring our homage true
Upon this New Year's day,
To greet the queen and greet a prince
And to the princess say:

Long live these loveliest and best
Of all the royal host!
And don't forget, when far away,
Chicago loves you most.

From D. A. R. to S. A. R.

At Yorktown Anniversary Banquet of Sons of American
Revolution, October 19, 1910.

NOW, Daughters, as the Sons are hosts,
Let's put away Chicago boasts
About our growing numbers,
And say 800 plus, or more,
Is but a tale of fairy lore
Or figment of our slumbers.

To be polite to you tonight,
Dear Brothers of the S. A. R.,
We'll own that you are choicer far
As a select society;
Yet we, in all propriety,

While for this feast expressing thanks,
Confess we love our widening ranks;
And, for the future, there's no knowing
How much we yet may keep on growing.

Message

Sent April 16, 1912, to the D. A. R. Congress in Washington
during her last illness and received with great applause
after her reelection as Vice-President General.

NO matter how elections
May really terminate,
My heart will be contented,
My spirits still elate.

For if we win we're happy,
And if we lose, we're glad
To give to some one better
The honors that we had.

Also those long, long journeys
To meetings of the Board,
Which take of time and substance
All one can well afford.

But oh, the joy of meeting
Distinguished "Daughters" here
And of great topics treating
Doth each to each endear.

So, if that balloting machine
Says I'm a V. P. G.,
I'll send my warmest thanks and love
To those who vote for me.

But if it says I'm nothing,
Why, that I'll gladly be
And rest content with what is sent
Unto the absentee.

For hearts of D. A. R.'s are brave
In victory or defeat;
Since, truth to tell, they take as well
The bitter as the sweet.

Newest Neighbors

At dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander in their New Midlothian Cottage, August 8, 1908.

LONG live our newest neighbors!
The ones with girls just four,
And were they all such fine ones
We'd wish they had a score,
So we from them could borrow
Some dimples and some smiles
Of youth to ward off sorrow
And shorten the golf miles
Which faithful members travel
To keep themselves in trim
To feast, or play the "nineteenth"
As well as work with vim.

We're glad they dwell beside us
And have those pretty girls
With eyes so like the diamonds
And hearts as pure as pearls.
And, though we never covet,
We're glad our lot is cast
Where all those pretty daughters
So oft go walking past.
Congratulations to them
Whose children marry fast!
Like all of earthly blessings,
They are too good to last.

A Toasted Miller

To Mrs. Harry Irving Miller, South Shore Country Club
September 10, 1907.

TO one whose word ever is trusty;
Whose friendship never grows rusty;
In whose praises each one is so lusty!
She's a Miller, but never is dusty!
In fact, sweet friends, she is just a
Perfect dear, to whom now I must a
Toast propose: "Our hostess!"

A Queer Combination

At Mrs. Litzinger's large luncheon in honor of Mrs. Deneen,
wife of the Governor of Illinois, December 20, 1910.

ALL hail to Lady Litzinger,
Who 'mongst her friends did find
As royal guest, at this her "fest,"
A pearl of womankind;

One whose lifemate, in chair of state,
Is Governor Deneen;
Beside him she may "Mrs." be;
To us she is a queen.

A state with governor and queen
Is very odd, I own;
But queens of old, we're often told,
Need not be bold to really hold

The power behind the throne.
So here today she's queen and guest
And all the rest that's truly best!
Her health let's drink with greatest zest.

No Danger

To Col. and Mrs. Dickason, December 30, 1908.

WE all have dual natures, all
Who on this earth abide;
Not always vastly different
From that of Jekyll-Hyde.

Yet oft we see those fathers stern
Who rule with rod and "saws"
But change with glee, at sight of tree,
To kindly Santa Claus.

Our hostess here, whom all hold dear
And own a perfect charmer,
In summer-time, by links twice nine,
Insists she is a "farmer."

The Colonel, too, without ado,
Puts on his hob-nailed boots,
And walks about and stalks about
And, like a Scotchman, hoots

Out "fore," "encore" or other lore
Of golf or warrior bold,
But that's all "bluff" or "hot air" stuff,
Ladies need not be told!

Let none alarm her! He'll not harm her!
Although a "farmer," he's a charmer
Like his wife!
To them, long life!

How Great Was Alexander?

At dinner given by Mrs. A. H. Sanders in honor of Mr. and
Mrs. Alexander, who had just purchased the lot ad-
joining the Sanders' home at Midlothian
Country Club, June 20, 1907.

FROM earliest days to present
There's no escape from fate,
The name of Alexander
Is always classed as great.

And fitting 'tis that golfers,
With name of grandest sound,
Who come to build among us,
Should have the highest ground;

The ground that sweeps the golf course
And where the forests start,
Beside the best of neighbors
And old Midlothian's heart.

Now that we've met and know them,
We trust it's not too late
To toast "The Alexanders!"
And vow, with vim: "They're great!"

True Hospitality

To Mr. and Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, Congress Hotel,
January 17, 1911.

AS Morris dances, famed of old,
Excel the "Boston Dip,"
So Morris hospitality
Essentially is "it;"

Quite boundless in good comradeship
And in the bon esprit
That sends the jest from lip to lip
And fills the heart with glee.

It were not possible to find
Tonight a better toast
Than this sweet hostess, fair and kind,
And our most genial host.

'Tis true we all love opera
And worship every "star;"
But they'll soon speed away from us
So very, very far,

To flirt with Quakers or that "Hub"
Which turns on Boston Bay
That we can only say "God Speed!
Do come another day!"

And turn our very fondest thoughts
To Ira N. and wife,
To thank them and to wish for them
All joy and length of life.

Woman's Rights

To Mrs. Clarence A. Knight, December 16, 1908.

NONE longs today
For chivalry
Or battle-axe of might;
At Christmas time
Of nineteen nine
Fair woman is the knight,

Who's ever bold,
Nor e'er grows old
Nor shrinks from fiercest light;
She goes her way
And has her say
Nor yearns for further right

Than just such rights
As Mrs. Knight's
Or these good friends here met;
Where each one rules,
Nor seeks the polls
Like screaming suffragette.

An Itinerary

To Mrs. Mason, before her departure with Mr. Mason for a
winter in Egypt.

A HEALTH, dear Mrs. Mason,
And to your liege so true!
May smiling skies attend you
Across the boundless blue!

In old Egypt where you're going,
Much is buried, much is hid;
But we hope you'll find which Mason
Built the tallest pyramid.

We are willing you should tarry
But a very little while
With the camel-boys who harry
Folk who sail upon the Nile.

May you find the river's source,
Follow far upon its course;
May you shy from smelly mummies,
Swindling guides and dreadful dummies;

Greet the Khedive in his palace,
See the Sphinx upon the sand,
Ride a camel, drain a chalice,
And come back to freedom's land.

The Lady of the Violets

To Mrs. M. E. L. Sharpe, of Boston, author of the "Golden Rule Cook Book" (vegetarian). Mrs. Sharpe always wears violets. November 12, 1908.

O H lady of the violets,
So dainty and true blue—
Not of the blue-stocking type,
But of the rosy hue—
Who guards with care all sentient life
And takes the humane view,
We honor these your principles
And tune our lyre to you!

You are Dame Nature's lover true,
Her fruits you glorify,
And by your vegetarian life
Give shame to such as I
Who eat of flesh and fish and fowl
And don't object to eggs,
And have been known to order "owl"
On prairie chicken's legs.

Is't wearing of the violets
And always violet hues
That keeps you so inviolate
From viands others use?
If wearing of the violet
Could make me wise as you,
And write a book with such success,
I would all meat eschew.

A Tenor Trio

To Signor Bonci of the Grand Opera and Signora Bonci, at South Shore Country Club, Chicago, April 22, 1908.

A HEALTH to both the Boncis,
Signora and Signor!
And eke two other Boncis
We welcome to this shore.

First, there is young Rudolfo,
A loving poet youth;
And next comes Wilhelm Meister,
The seeker after truth.

Propitious Fate, we thank you
For this most happy chance
To meet and greet these great ones
And not, far off, askance,

Across the brilliant footlights
To see the shining "stars"
Who, to the most of mortals,
Are far away as Mars.

Signor, Rudolfo, Wilhelm!
What brilliant trinity
Of tenors in one household
All at one time to see!

Where Pluto Rules

At French Lick Springs, Indiana, May 24, 1907, Mrs. Noyes'
wedding anniversary, the birthday of Mr. Fred
C. Thwaites and Queen Victoria.

MAY each recurring wedding day
In this most balmy month of May
Bring friends around our board to meet
With never, never vacant seat!

Two birthdays here we celebrate—
One of a youth, one of the Great!
To each we'd fill a bumper,
To each a glass we'd drain,
If it weren't for the morrow,
The headache and the pain,
Also the further knowledge
That wish for wine is vain,
Since "Pluto" holds the trump card
And we good health would gain.

Discovery

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Patten, May 2, 1909, at dinner,
followed by stereopticon views of their recent
trip around the world.

'T WAS on a tiny island that
Columbus found our land,
And on an isle Antillean
We met our host so bland;

And, later, Mrs. Patten dear;
Then here the two together,
Whose home a perfect haven is
Whate'er the wind and weather.

Columbus crossed but one great sea
While they have sailed them all;
We hope they both, like fishermen,
Can tell some tales quite tall,

Of queer folk in this world of ours
And lands that they have seen,
As well as show their good snap-shots
Upon the shadow screen.

But did they ever, ever find
In all their long, long way,
A town as bright and wholly right
As Evanston today?

Who's Afraid?

At luncheon given by Mrs. Frost in honor of Mr. Merry and
Mrs. Kinney of San Francisco, Union League Club,
January 17, 1907.

T HOUGH wintry winds and driving snows
Have killed each native flower,
Dame Nature has no power to chill
This joyous festal hour.

Earthquakes may shake our Golden Gate
And wreck Jamaica's Isle;
The flames may spread where splendor ruled
And battles rage; but while

Our hearts beat true to suffering's call
And Merry is the guest,
Dame Kinney will bring joy to all
And U. L. C. the rest.

No day can ever be so drear
That everything is lost;
No word that anyone may say
Can make us dread a Frost.

The Smile That Wins

To Mr. and Mrs. John Farson, South Shore Country Club,
January 6, 1907.

OUR host has all the courtliness
Of old-world Spanish don,
Yet when he beams with boyish smile,
We almost call him "John."

Almost, not quite; there is, you know,
The President, John Farson,
With words so brave and thoughts so grave
You'd think he was a parson.

Oh heart of ten, and head of sage,
And good man all in one!
We're mighty glad to be your guests
And to the "South Shore" come.

Who would not fly a bright red tie
If with it went your "eagle eye,"
Your quenchless zeal to "do or die"
And everyone your friend for aye?

In the Swim

To Mrs. Hammer, at Woman's Athletic Club, following the
Swimming Contest, June 9, 1908.

ALTHOUGH each club guest of today
Is wondrous neat and trim,
It cannot truthfully be said
That all are "in the swim."

And if directoire costumes slim
Are "au fait" as they state,
Not one of our athletic guests
Is strictly "up to date."

But hearts of all are rightly placed
And no one's head's awlirl;
Each one a friend indeed—a good,
Old-fashioned "summer girl."

Dear Mrs. Hammer hits the heads
With shafts of brilliant wit,
And wins all hearts so mightily
That we know she is "it."

The Power Behind the Throne

At Farson dinner, following close of Oak Park Horse Show,
September 7, 1907, given at "Pleasant Home."

TO "Pleasant Home's" fair chatelaine
We loving homage pay,
And to her health each glass we'll drain!
There is no better way

To tell these friends that, though her lord
May rule Horse Shows and far may roam,
The gentle wife, love of his life,
Is the best part of "Pleasant Home."

The rhymes of praise The Argus pays
Sir John, are now well known;
Tonight the bays, and aye the lays,
We'll pay the pow'r behind his throne!

The Belle that Wrings

At farewell luncheon to Miss Isabel McDougall,
March 24, 1908.

DEPARTING belle, our Isabel,
Dear Isabel McD.,
Your going wrings the hearts of all
Though not our tongues, you see.

For days and days, each friend with praise
Has spoken the God-speed
And tried to tell, although not well,
How great is still our need

Of this one belle, our Isabel,
The life of every band;
No other one your place can fill.
We offer the "glad hand"

To hold you, not to bid you go
To Eastern land or foreign land;
No other hearts can love you so.
We hope you fully understand

That here at home are fondest hearts
That always for you yearn,
And never will be quite content
Until you shall return!

We'll lend you for a little while
To sisters dear and true;
But don't forget, oh ne'er forget
That what we want is you.

The Living Mona Lisa

At Mrs. Goddard's dinner, to Mrs. Dix at Blackstone Hotel,
October 14, 1911. Mrs. Goddard greatly resembles
Leonardo DaVinci's famous "Mona Lisa."

IF Da Vinci's Mona Lisa,
With paint so hard and dry
And a smile quite enigmatic,
Can raise a hue and cry

Of "mysterious disappearance"
Throughout the entire world,
And keepers from their places with
Anathemas are hurled,

It behooves us to guard closely
Our treasure, more than art,
The living Mona Lisa
Of blood and brain and heart.

She's a smile that's always pleasing,
A heart that's always glad,
And ways so wholly charming
Her friends are never sad.

Oh, living Mona Lisa
Our love is wholly thine
And will be so forever
Without the pledge of wine!

Merely a Hope

In the prohibition district of the South Shore Country Club,
June 9, 1907, on a cold, cold summer evening, with
Mr. and Mrs. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Pixley
and Judge Payne.

THOUGH summer's chilling blasts are here,
And we forgot the flowers,
We hope to have "something to cheer,"
With ne'er a Farwell fiend to fear,
Oh dear, good friends of ours!

Christmas Greetings

To a number of friends in response to Christmas cards, 1906.

THE wondrous lore of mystic birth,
The gifts that Santa brings,
The "Peace and Good Will" on the earth,
The song the glad heart sings—

All these give zest to Christmas joys,
Yet more the season sends—
That sweetest, dearest of them all,
The kind thoughts of our friends.

Ducks and Doves

To Mrs. George M. Millard, at Luncheon given at Woman's
Club in honor of the owner of the "Doves Press,"
October 26, 1907.

A CROSS the sea there flew a dove
To visit with a duck,
"And sure," said she, "'Twill be a lark
If with me goes good luck.

Dame Mallard dwells in Cotswold green
Mid sycamores so dark,
Afar from city's dreadful din
Quite safe in Highland Park.
And there we'll sing and swim and coo,
And maybe talk a little, too,
As duck and doves are wont to do."

Oh, nature fakirs, cease romance!
No birds are on your card;
'Tis Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson
And Mrs. George Millard!
But women may be ducks or doves,
Or singing birds or perfect loves.

Mother and the Twins

To Mrs. Ella Wood Dean, at luncheon, May 11, 1907.

TO Ella, sweet Ella Wood Dean,
A health let us drink today;
She's joy, joy, joy, without alloy,
That all of our hearts can sway.

A health to dear Ella Wood Dean!
A health to her and the twins,
Who strike our hearts like Cupid's darts
With always the smile that wins!

A health to friends and mother dear!
A health to everyone!
We're glad we're here and full of cheer,
Though the day's but just begun.

Our thanks to dear Ella Wood Dean;
Our thanks for this feast so gay;
For day so bright and air so keen
And the joys we carry away.

The Answer

To Harry J. Furber, Jr., on the anniversary of his birth,
May 12, 1908.

WE'VE come here to surprise you,
No matter what's been said,
And, knowing that you're wise, you'll
Not fill us full of lead.

We're bound to drink your health, Sir,
And your good mother's, too—
We'll gather at your board, Sir,
Without any more ado.

Of Doctor Harry Furber,
One year ago today,
We asked this leading question,—
"What have you got to say?"

And now this question's answered:
When speeches of the best
By learned men are sought for
With him they end the quest.

For Doctor Harry Furber
The world has naught but praise,
And his profound addresses
Have won for him the bays.

He surely well deserves them,
For, to his listeners tense,
In golden words he serves them
Not only eloquence

But thought with which he nerves them
To honesty's defense—
This paragon of wisdom
Balanced by common sense!

Good Medicine

New England Society of Chicago, Bunker Hill Day Celebration,
Midlothian Country Club, June 19, 1907.

MIDLOTHIAN greets New England here
And hopes she'll feel at home
Amid these mighty "bunker" hills
And "links" of prairie loam.

No "stern and rock-bound coast" have we
Where "breaking waves dash high;"
But, like as not, the weather man
A rainstorm will supply.

And we will give you welcome warm
With country fare to eat,
Till you'll forget your pumpkin pies
And baked beans and meat.

We've "bunkers" here but no high hill,
And "medicine" (without the pill).
Stay with us friends; stay with us till
Of every good you get your fill.

Two Queens of May

At a Mayday luncheon to Mrs. Edward L. Upton, newly
elected President of Chicago Woman's Club,
May 13, 1908.

A S perfect sunsets always glow
Somewhere adown the west,
And heaven's kingdom can be found
Within the human breast,

So shining May Days may be had,
No matter what the weather,
When loving hearts and spirits true
Meet round the board together,

Where friend to friend good thoughts can lend
And change deep gloom to sun;
Where Presidents are plentiful,
Both "Ex" and those to come;

Yet, best of all, the present ones—
Our hostess and the Queen
Of all the clubs (The Woman's Club)
Who at her right is seen.

Today we pay our homage true
To these two queens of May.
We'll loyal be, as you shall see,
In what we do and say.

Seventy-Six to Twelve

Greetings from the ancient and honorable Daughters of the
American Revolution to the youthful U. S.
Daughters of 1812, Woman's Club,
February 28, 1907.

T O youngest "Daughters" greeting,
Fair girls of eighteen twelve,
Whose forbears all are noted
And who need not delve

Through musty tomes and parchments,
Or dim traditions' mix,
Like us whose years are many,
None less than seventy-six.

You'll ne'er be old as we are,
And none will try to shelve
The pretty youthful daughters
Whose years remain at twelve.

Congratulations to you,
Whose ages play no tricks,
As do the "fighting daughters,"
Who date from seventy-six!

To the youngest daughters, greeting
From the oldest in the line.
May much joy come from this meeting!
Your healths, dear girls, in wine!

A Few Questions

At luncheon for Mrs. Jessie McCutcheon Raleigh, after honey-
moon winter in Montana,
April 14, 1908.

OH Jessie, Jessie Raleigh, do tell us, we pray,
If wooed the modern Raleigh in brave Sir Walter's way?
Did he cast his cloak before you to keep your feet dry-
shod,

Or hypnotize your girlish eyes to think he was a god?

Or treat you as the Virgin Queen, the great and good Queen Bess,
And bow down like her subject until you said your "Yes?"

Or did he come like warrior, or cowboy from the plain,
And bear you off in triumph, by force of might and main?

Or did he come like poet and sing your heart away
With tales of Wild Montana where fruit and gold alway
But wait for hands to gather the riches spread broadcast?
Oh tell us, gentle Jessie, this leaf from out your past!

Speak Softly!

For Mr. Noyes, at Forty Club Dinner, December 20, 1906,
when Mr. Fred Gardner, the Secretary, asked each
member to write his own introductory verse.

EACH one will do for Gardner
What none would do for pelf;
E'en make a rhyme at dinner time
To introduce himself.

In far away New England,
Where words and speech are choice,
My earliest ancestors
Were always known as "Noyce;"

But in the "wild and woolly west,"
Among the Forty boys,
To make a pun or turn a jest,
They always call me "Noise!"

To Miss Kremer

Her birthday, May 12.

TO this lucky little lady
Born on the twelfth, we say:
May each day of your lifetime
Be fine as this in May!

And, knowing that it has been so,
We really cannot blame her
That she's persistently refused
All names except Jean Kremer.

Good Health

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Charles Lytton,
Monday, June 10, 1907.

A health to Henry Lytton
And to his spouse so true;
May smiling skies attend them
Across the boundless blue!

We trust their trip's a short one;
To part with them we're loath;
And may the health they're seeking
Come speedily to both!

On a Fly Leaf

To Miss Marion Buckingham, on her wedding day, June 8,
1910. Written on a fly-leaf of a volume printed
in 1804, and once owned by George III.

DEAR daughter of an English mother,
Who weds and leaves our land,
We give good wishes, without measure,
Also this tome, our best book treasure,
Because you'll understand,
In looking o'er its covers old
And seeing stamped thereon
A coat of arms, in fadeless gold,
That royalty did first uphold
And then did look upon
This book of Orient lore;
For George, The Third, first owned the tome,
So, if on British soil you dwell,
'Twill be like going home.

The Perfect Woman

To Mrs. F. W. Upham, South Shore Club, Sept. 29, 1906.

SEARCH you for a perfect woman?
Be sure you'll not search long—
She's at this very table's head,
Queen of both home and song.

A Grammatical Puzzle

To Mrs. Albion W. Small and Mrs. Carl C. Heisen—Each the
"most beautiful girl in Chicago."

SOMETHING to puzzle pedagogues
And make the rules of grammar fall,
Two perfect types superlative
With no comparative at all.

'Twas "most beauteous Mamie Heisen,"
The "loveliest Lena Small,"
Both transcendent types of beauty,
Both divinely fair and tall.

In parents of those paragons
Perfection still endures;
Pauline's a perfect artist
And the Doctor always cures.

When each friend around the table
Sustains perfection's test,
Why bother with superlatives
When everyone's the best?

We know our friends are pure and true,
And we are true to them;
If truth is beauty, this must bring
Perfection among men.

To Their Swift Return

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Swift, October 14, 1909, just
before the latter started for Europe for the
winter of 1909 and 1910.

TO our ever radiant hostess
And our ever genial host
Each friend around the table
Will drink a heart-felt toast.

To Mister and to Mistress Swift
We all tonight the glass will lift;
Although they do not claim the Pole
To each we'll give the Swede word "skol,"

"Prosit" also "bon voyage" and
'Most any tongue that can command
The wealth of wishes we all feel
For their great happiness and weal.

We grieve to part, but hope foretells
That, like the Babcocks and Revells,
The spell of Europe cannot hold
Or lure them till their hearts grow cold

To the one land, the only land
Which now is great, yet can expand
And always give the helping hand
To all the world. It sets the pace

Of progress for the human race,
Yet holds in horror all the "fast"
And rapid, which can never last,
And still what's Swift appeals to all

From motors to a battled ball
Or answer to a "C. Q." call.
To make our meaning very clear,
The fast, the reckless, we all fear;

The Swift, the true, we hold most dear.
As sunshine through the storm-cloud rifts
Our hearts go out to both the Swifts.

A Fond Farewell

On Friday evening, April 23, 1909, a great Farewell Banquet
was tendered to the outgoing President General
N. S. D. A. R., at New Willard Hotel.

OUR farewells to the President
Who quits the cares of state;
New Generals will fill her chair,
But never one as great

In heart and brain and ready wit,
In wisdom and in sense,
To settle every difference
Or in the just defense

Of right, as right, to fight for truth
With might and eloquence.
Without our "Peerless Leader," bold;
Without her wondrous smile,

Methinks our white walls will seem cold,
Its stage a desert isle,
Without that wealth of floral bloom
Which comes to her alone,

There's but one flower, "forget-me-not,"
That ever can atone
For our lost Queen of Presidents
Whom time doth now dethrone.

Nor chance nor change can e'er estrange
Our love for her so pure,
Since in our heart of hearts for aye
Her image will endure.

And now the hour of parting's near;
Tomorrow is the close
Of Continental Congress here,
So I will now propose

We drink her health and wish her wealth
And happiness, care free!
Yet in the whole wide world there's none
Can love her more than we!

The Last Wish

To the Chicago Chapter Delegates, who sent beautiful flowers
to Mrs. Noyes on the eve of their departure for
Washington, April 12, 1912, when she was
too ill to attend Congress. These were
her last verses.

DEAR delegates and "Daughters,"
Your flowers touch my heart!
So I make haste to write you
My thanks ere you depart.

May each hour of the journey
With comfort be replete!
And peace pervade each session
In which the Daughters meet!

May wisdom guide the Congress
At finish as at start,
And ne'er a single Daughter
E'er fail to do her part!

The call of Patriotism
Always the heart elates.
Of true Chicago "Daughters"
God bless her delegates!



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Noyes--Occasional verses, toasts
and sentiments ...

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